Ann Bullen

1795

y Gift of her Aunt

Eliz^h Alexander

19 p

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1795

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CHOICE EMBLEMS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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MUSEUM

CHASTITY
VIRTUE
WISDOM
TEMPERANCE
FRIENDSHIP
BROTHERLY LOVE
FORTITUDE
FILIAL DUTY
HOPE

CHOICE EMBLEMS,

NATURAL, HISTORICAL, FABULOUS, MORAL, AND DIVINE;

For the Improvement and Paſtime of

YOUTH:

DISPLAYING THE

Beauties and Morals of the Ancient Fabuliſts:

The Whole calculated to convey the

GOLDEN LESSONS OF INSTRUCTION

Under a new and more delightful Dreſs.

For the Uſe of SCHOOLS.

Written for the Amuſement of a Young Nobleman.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

"Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain
"That good, which makes each humbler boſom vain?
"Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
"These *little things* are great to *little man*."

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. CHAPMAN,

FOR

E. NEWBERY, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S-CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCXCIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

Lady ELIZABETH KERR,

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF

The Rt. Hon. Lord ANCRAM.

MADAM,

YOUR Ladyſhip will immediately perceive, that the author of the ſubſequent Allegories has availed himſelf of the honour of your permiſſion to this Dedication.

So gracious a condeſcenſion is ſtill the more pleaſing to him, as it gives a peculiar propriety to the addreſs of this publication, which, while it aims to recommend Religion, Morality, and all the Virtues, is honoured with the Patronage of Nobility, and the Protection of Innocence.

NATURALISTS, my Lady, acquaint us, that the Roſe, in its infant ſtate, while in its bud, contains in epitome, all the native ſweetneſs, bloom, and beauty of maturity :—Thoſe who beſt know your Ladyſhip, can never accuſe me of flattery, while I preſume to prophecy, from the evidence of your diſpoſition, that

that the latent hereditary ornaments of your illuſtrious family, will, in you, one day ſhine out with ſuperior brightneſs, and juſtly entitle you, not only a bleſſing to your inferiors, a glory to your ſex, but, in a word, a pattern to the nobility, your contemporaries.

THESE inſtructive EMBLEMS, written for the amuſement of your noble brother, the Right Honorable the Lord Newbattle, claim a particular attention from your Ladyſhip, as they recommend the immediate paths to happineſs, both here and hereafter.

Be this ELIZA's care, let this
Her earlieſt thoughts engage;
Be this the buſineſs of her youth,
And comfort of her age,

Attentive then, conſult the Muſe,
And each fair path purſue;
Let's mend a world, by Precept I,
And by Example You.

Your Ladyſhip's ſincere,

and moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

THE AUTHOR.

14 NOV 33

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

ALL the happineſs and glory of a ſtate, ſays a celebrated writer, depend on the Education of Youth; and, it may be added, there is not a more important duty incumbent on a parent, than the early cultivation of their tender offspring.——However little the following trifles may appear on the firſt view, it is humbly preſumed, that, on their peruſal, they will be found to contribute ſomewhat towards that great and deſirable end. The author of the following ſheets

has taken nature for his principal guide, and it has been his ſole aim to deſcribe her in the pureſt forms; in which he has not ſo much at heart to be conſidered an elegant Poet, as to be approved for a good Moraliſt.

FABLE has already employed many learned and ingenious pens, both ancient and modern; and, as the Emblematical Hieroglyphic Devices of the Hebrews, Egyptians, and other Ancients, ſeem to afford fit ſubjects for inſtruction, it has been the Author's endeavour to ſend many of theſe into the world under a modern habit.—If ſome of them are found to be too puerile for the learned eye, it muſt be remembered, that they were written for the amuſement of a young nobleman* not more than nine years old.——

* The Rt. Hon. Ld. Newbattle, now Ld. Ancram.

Yet

Yet, in the words of the celebrated Mr. Gay, do not

The daily labours of the Bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry?
Who can obſerve the careful Ant,
And not provide for future want?
My Dog, the truſtieſt of his kind,
With Gratitude inflames my mind!
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray;
In Conſtancy and Nuptial Love,
I learn my duty from the Dove;
The Hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Inſtruct me in a parent's charge.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the Toad and Serpent kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation,
Can furniſh hints for contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean,
A Virtuous Mind can Morals glean.

In ſhort, many of the brute creatures ſeem ſo formed by inſtinct, as to make up an univerſal ſatire on mankind.——For where is the Undutiful Child but muſt be aſhamed to ſee himſelf outdone by the Stork, in Filial Duty and Affection? the Faithleſs Servant, by the Fidelity of the Dog; the Sluggard, by the Lark; or the Man of Indolence by the Bee and Woodpecker?——The Falſe Friend, the Inconſtant Lover, may here find proper leſſons to copy from. In fine, there are ſcarcely any perſons in life who may not find ſomewhat here to ſuit their particular ſituations, or inculcate in their minds the moſt neceſſary Virtues.

VERSES

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE

Author of CHOICE EMBLEMS.

ACCEPT, ſweet Bard, the tributary Song;
To ſtrains like thine, ſuperior praiſe belong!
Warm from the heart thy pleaſing Morals glow;
Warm from the heart theſe grateful Numbers flow;
The humble Muſe aſſumes no higher claim,
Than ſtill to follow in the Path to Fame.

O friend to Virtue in a waning age,
Pleas'd ſtill for Youth to pen th' inſtructive page;
Sure friend to Truth, of no proud title vain,
Thy EMBLEMS ſimple, as their Moral plain!
Labours like thine ſhall wear old Time away.
And live when lofty monuments decay!

Fam'd was the ancient Sage of other times,
Who brought his myſtic lore to Grecian climes;
Who all the brevity of ſtyle poſſeſs'd,
And ſacred Truth in various Fables dreſs'd:

Greatly

Greatly obſcure, till more enlightened days
Explain'd his morals, and inſur'd his praiſe,
Not ſuch thy aim, in each familiar line,
Where ſweet ſimplicity and Virtue ſhine
Alike conſpicuous; nought appears obſcure,
But plain thy Morals, as thy Dictates pure.

For *this*, O friendly Bard, thy *only* care,
Juſt thy deſcriptions, as thy leſſons fair:
In thy inſtructive work each youth and maid,
May view great Nature's volume wide diſplay'd.
Of Beaſts, Birds, Fiſhes, Plants, the tribes may know,
And ſcan the Heavens above, the earth below.
Th' hiſtoric pages trace of ancient lore,
And in few moments travel ages o'er.

Thus the wiſe Hebrew Prince, in Virtue's rule
Train'd up and ripen'd in fair Wiſdom's School,
With curious ſearch enquir'd of Nature's laws,
And trac'd all beings to their firſt great cauſe.
From the tall trees on Lebanon that roſe,
To humble Hyſſop by the wall that grows;
From vaſt Leviathan's unwieldy ſize,
To the ſmall Emmet in the earth that lies,
And treaſures wintry ſtores; all theſe he knew;
From this vaſt ſource his fund of knowledge drew;
The moſt that man could boaſt in this abode,
A gift indeed divine, and worthy of the God

But

But *thou* proceed to form th' expanding mind,
By Wiſdom rais'd, by Sentiment refin'd;
Proceed inſtructive, nor the taſk forego,
While grateful *we* the juſt earn'd wreath beſtow,
And with our honour'd worthies place thy name,
As juſt diſtinguiſh'd in the liſt of Fame.
While ſtill thy precepts in thy writings ſhine,
And ev'ry friend to ev'ry Muſe is thine.

Clapham,
March, 10, 1775. D. S——.

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EMBLEM

EMBLEMS

EMBLEM I.

Of Filial Duty and Affection.

LO, the young STORK his duteous wing prepares
His aged Sire to feed with conſtant cares;
O'er hills and dales his precious load conveys,
And the great debt of *Filial Duty* pays;
Grateful return! by Nature's ſelf deſign'd,
A fair example ſet to human kind.

MORAL.

Should'ſt thou refuſe thy parents needful aid,
The very STORK might the foul crime upbraid:
Be mindful how they reared thy tender youth,
Bear with their frailties, ſerve them ſtill with truth:
So may'ſt thou with long life and peace be bleſt,
'Till Heav'n ſhall call thee to eternal reſt!

THIS bird is generally eſteemed an Emblem of Filial Love; inſomuch, that it has ever acquired the name of *pious*, from the juſt regard it is ſaid to pay to acts of *filial piety and duty*.

STORKS live to a very advanced age: the conſequence of which is, that their limbs grow feeble, their feathers fall off, and they are no ways capable of providing for their own food or ſafety. Being birds of paſſage, they are under another inconvenience alſo, which is, that they are not able to remove themſelves from one country to another at the uſual ſeaſon. In all theſe circumſtances it is reported their young ones aſſiſt them, covering them with their wings, and nouriſhing them with the warmth of their bodies; even bringing them proviſions in their beaks, and carrying them from place to place on their backs, or ſupporting them with their wings; in this manner returning, as much as lies in their power, the care which was beſtowed on them when they were young ones in the neſt. A ſtriking example of *filial piety*, inſpired by inſtinct; from which *reaſon* itſelf needs not be aſhamed to take example.

Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God

God giveth thee, was an expreſs commandment, and the only one to which a promiſe was annexed.—Among the Iſraelites, the ſlighteſt offence againſt a parent was puniſhed in the moſt exemplary manner.

Certainly nothing can be more juſt or reaſonable, than that we ſhould love, honour, and ſuccour thoſe who are the very authors of our being, and to whoſe tender care (under Heaven) we owe the continuance of it, during the helpleſs ſtate of our infancy.

Love, Charity, and an intercourſe of good offices, are what we undoubtedly owe to all mankind; and he that omits them is guilty of ſuch a crime as generally carries its puniſhment with it;—but to our Parents, more, much more than all this, is due; and, when we are ſerving them, we ought to reflect, that whatever difficulties we go through for their ſakes, we cannot do more for them than they have done for us; and that there is no danger of our over-paying the vaſt debt of gratitude they have laid us under.

In fine, we ſhould conſider that it is a duty moſt peculiarly inſiſted on by Heaven itſelf; and, if we obey the command, there is no doubt but we ſhall alſo receive the reward annexed to it.

EMBLEM II.

Of Silence.

LO! here the portrait of that ancient pow'r,
Which ſway'd before the world's great natal hour;
SILENCE! the ſtill companion of the wiſe,
That ſhrouds e'en folly in its deep diſguiſe:
" A living death that is of nothing made,
" In noon-day's ſun wrapt up in thickeſt ſhade;"
Bluſh not good youth to court his friendly aid:
He ſhall your ſecrets keep, your friends retain,
Improve your honour, and ſecure your gain.

MORAL.

Be not too raſh in ſpeech, leſt others find
The depth and ſecrets of your inmoſt mind:
Silence may oft times make your ſenſe extoll'd,
But utter'd words can never be recall'd.

SILENCE

SILENCE was a quality ſo much revered among the ancients, that their prieſts and philoſophers tried their initiates and diſciples by enjoining them *Taciturnity* for a certain ſtated period, teaching it as the firſt of all ſciences.

They likewiſe paid divine honours to Silence, worſhipping it as a deity, under the name of Harpocrates, who was repreſented as in the Emblem, and whoſe figure was ſufficiently expreſſive of the moral they meant to inculcate.

APPLICATION.

SILENCE is a ſure friend in difficulties; it is a charm againſt anger, and a kind of taliſman which often gains its owner a knowledge of the thoughts of others, while it leaves him entirely maſter of his own. Though it is uſeful to thoſe of weak parts, yet need not the wiſeſt be aſhamed of it. In effect, it has this beſt of qualities, that it may do much good, but is entirely incapable of harm.

How beautiful is a word in due ſeaſon, ſays the wiſe man; but he who is perpetually talking is not likely to reap ſuch praiſe, becauſe he minds no ſeaſon; whereas, one

that knows how to keep *ſilence*, may eaſily know alſo, by his obſervations on the diſcourſe of others, when to ſpeak; and his words being few, are likely to be more properly applied, and will be more eſteemed by the hearers.—But, in a multitude of words there is often a multitude of errors; and to rule that little member, the *tongue*, is often more difficult than to govern a *city*.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM III.

Of the Danger of Pleaſure.

BEHOLD the Boy, forbidden ſweets to prove,
With luckleſs hand the *honied Hive* remove:
Strait with an angry hum that ſounds to arms,
Forth ruſh the winged tribe in all their ſwarms;
Too late, alas! they make th' offender find,
That *Pleaſure's Honey* leaves a ſting behind.

MORAL.

Learn hence, ye heedleſs train, who gaily glide
In youth's trim bark, down life's uncertain tide,
That death oft lurks beneath ſome gilded toy,
And poiſon mingles in the cup of joy.

THE thoughtleſs child overturns the Hive, in order to get at the Honey; he knows the Bees have Sweets, but he forgets that they have alſo Stings. When he has done the miſchief, he perceives it too late; for the induſtrious people ſhew him that they will not be diſturbed with impunity; and he finds it impoſſible to get the Honey, unleſs he were able to deſtroy thoſe who guard it.

Amazed at the conſequence of his action, he flies with precipitation, but is overtaken by the inſects, who ſettling upon him, leave behind them their ſtings, the anguiſh of which may ſerve as a perpetual memorial of his raſhneſs, and warn him how he attempts ſtolen ſweets for the future.

APPLICATION.

IN many people of a more mature age, we ſee the Emblem verified; and though common experience might prevent the evil, yet ſo careleſs are ſome, that they will make uſe of no experience but their own, which is always dearly bought, and often comes too late to have the effect deſired by every rational and thinking perſon.

The

The wild and unthinking always imagine *forbidden pleaſures* to be ſweet; and, proceeding on this maxim, often plunge themſelves into the moſt ruinous circumſtances, and repent only when it is too late to amend them.

But they will overturn the Hive; they muſt have the Honey, while they little expect the Sting:—when they feel it (like the Boy in the Emblem) ſurprize is added to their affliction, and their diſtreſs is doubled, by their being no ways provided to ſuſtain the accident.

If you would be wiſe, take not the Honey while the Hive is ſwarming; let not your Pleaſures be mixed with Guilt; and then you may reſt ſecure that they will leave no Sting behind them.

EMBLEM IV.

Of Fidelity.

BEHOLD the faithful beaſt, reſolv'd to die,
Near where his much-lov'd maſter's aſhes lie;
Emblem of Conſtancy, he yields his breath
For ancient love, and keeps his Faith by death.

MORAL.

Hence learn Fidelity;—with grateful mind
Repay the courteous; to your friends be kind:
Whatever fortune on your life attend,
The beſt of treaſures is *a faithful friend.*

THE

THE Dog is of all animals the moſt faithful and ſagacious. There are few things he may not be taught to ſerve his maſter; and, if he be well uſed, there are fewer ſtill he will not do to defend him.

We have many inſtances, both in ancient and modern hiſtory, of the Fidelity of theſe creatures, and of ſome of them having been the cauſe of diſcovering their maſter's murder, by obſtinately refuſing to ſtir from his corpſe. They have often ſaved men's lives, by interpoſing againſt thoſe who offered them violence; and have proved both uſeful and faithful guards to their perſons and properties.

Homer tells us, that after Troy was deſtroyed by the Grecians, Ulyſſes, returning from the ſiege in mean apparel, having gone through various dangers, and been abſent twenty years, was unknown to his queen, and every one in his palace, except his Dog, who recognized him.

——Forgot by all his own domeſtic crew,
The faithful Dog alone his maſter knew;
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected on the clay,
Like an old ſervant now caſhier'd he lay:
Touch'd with reſentment to ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again;
Him when he ſaw, he roſe and crawl'd to meet,
'(Twas all he could) and fawn'd and lick'd his feet:
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his ſide,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up and died.

APPLI-

APPLICATION.

GRATITUDE and Fidelity to our friends, are the beſt qualities that can adorn our nature: the Emblem of the Dog is a very ſtriking one in this regard, and is calculated to convey the ſevereſt ſatire on falſe friends, and ungrateful perſons.

There is nothing in which a man ſhould be more cautious and deliberate than in the choice of a friend; but, having once choſen him, he ſhould repoſe in him all manner of confidence, and in his turn keep his ſecrets, and be ever ready to do him any ſervice that is conſiſtent with the rules of Religion and Virtue: he that requires any thing contrary to theſe, can never be a true friend: for, properly ſpeaking, no *friendſhip* can exiſt that is not founded on a *virtuous baſis*; it is only a connection of intereſt, which the firſt puff of adverſe fortune will blow away, and ſcatter to the winds of Heaven.—But, when you have really got a true friend,

'Grapple him to your ſoul with hooks of ſteel!'

Abide by him alike in proſperity and adverſity, and let no change of circumſtances alter your regards or ſervices: ſo may you expect aſſiſtance in the hour of diſtreſs, and a comforter in the day of trouble.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM V.

Of Purity.

SO nicely form'd by Nature's hidden laws,
Lo! from the touch the conſcious Plant withdraws:
Emblem of Purity; which ſtill retires
From the rude glowing of unhallow'd fires;
Yet ſtill more weak the frequent touch it tries,
Droops in approaching, and by preſſure dies.

MORAL.

Shun Evil's firſt advance; be timely wiſe;
Shrink at th' *appearance*; fly the *name* of vice;
Like this fair Plant th' empoiſon'd touch avoid,
Nor be by too much confidence deſtroy'd.

THE

THE Senſitive Plant is ſo conſtructed by Nature, that it ſhrinks from the warmth of the human touch. A property ſo extraordinary, for which various cauſes are aſſigned by philoſophers, occaſioned ſome ſtrange ſtories to be told of this wonderful vegetable: one of which was, that it would not bear the touch of any but chaſte perſons; however, the truth is, that it retires alike from the approach of any hand, as has been often experienced. Among ſome papers of a late celebrated poet, there is a fable concerning it, on the plan of that of Apollo and Daphne, in Ovid. He relates, that a certain nymph, flying from the embraces of Pan, the God of the woods, juſt as he was on the point of overtaking her, was changed into this plant, and ſtill retained, in a vegetable, the ſame nice chaſtity for which ſhe had been celebrated when a nymph. The ſtory is pretty, and the metamorphoſis aptly turned. This Plant is to be found in the gardens of the curious, and is generally much eſteemed by thoſe who delight in enquiries into the nature of the vegetable world: but it is not allowed to be often handled, becauſe frequent touching hurts its delicate texture, and in time, it is ſuppoſed, would quite deſtroy it.

APPLI-

APPLICATION.

In this Vegetable we may ſee the ſymbol of a truly virtuous perſon, who ſhuns even the ſhadow of evil, and ſtarts at the thoughts of vice. Thoſe who ſtand in their own ſtrength can never be ſure they ſhall not fall; and no diſtance can be too far to be removed from the habitations of the wicked.

To become familiar with the name of vice, is the firſt introduction to the practice of it; and to ſee ill actions, unmoved, is the firſt ſtep towards committing them.

Accuſtom yourſelf, therefore, to ſhrink, like the Plant in the Emblem, whenever vice approaches you. Prevent evil in its firſt ſtage, and you will ſave yourſelf many periods of unhappineſs. Aſſume a habit of virtue, and it will grow every day eaſier to you: ſo may you be enabled to reſiſt temptation; for, be aſſured, you can never boaſt the leaſt degree of freedom from any ſin, till you ſhudder at the leaſt ſhadow of an incitement to commit it.

EMBLEM VI.

Of Guilt.

SEE where, with drowſy wing the *Bird of Night*,
Bends from the Riſing Sun her ſullen flight:
Oppreſs'd and weaken'd by the morning ray,
She ſeeks in ſhades to ſlumber out the day:
While the blyth Lark, aſcending, cheers the eye,
Sings as he mounts, and ſeeks the diſtant ſky.

MORAL.

Thus conſcious Guilt its head deteſted hides,
Nor Heav'ns, nor man's, nor day's broad eye abides;
While virtue, ſtill undaunted and ſerene,
With chearful brow, in open light is ſeen.

THE

THE Bat is a Bird ſo much accuſtomed to Darkneſs, that it generally flies only by Night; and if at any time it is found abroad in the Day, impelling it towards the Sun, to whoſe beams it has a particular averſion, is a ſure method of ſurprizing and taking it.

This creature partakes partly of the nature of a beaſt, and partly of that of a bird, his body being formed ſomewhat like that of a mouſe, though it has wings wherewith it mounts in the air: but its flight is always ſluggiſh and heavy, and its whole form is frightfully diſagreeable.

APPLICATION.

THAT the Bat, which in its firſt creation was formed a Bird of Night, ſhould ſhun the ſun ſhine, is by no means to be wondered at. It follows its nature, and conſequently fulfils, in every point, the end for which it was made.

How much more do we admire the ſprightly Lark, who with his morning ſong awakes the day, and ſoars towards Heaven upon expanded wing!

Would

Would you apply the Emblem? In the Lark, behold the chearful openneſs of the virtuous and pious man, who is always found in the fair face of day, and (while the drunkard is retiring to his bed) is ſeen early riſing to ſalute the morn: and after the due tribute rendered to his Maker, who preſerved him through the perils of darkneſs, he goes chearfully about his temporal concerns, and never ſeeks the ſhades, but when repoſe invites him to it.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM VII.

Of Conſtant Affection.

WITH plaintive cooings, lo! the Turtle-dove,
Laments the fate of his departed love;
His mate once loſt, no comfort now he knows,
His little breaſt with inward anguiſh glows;
Nor lawns nor groves his throbbing heart can charm,
Nor other love his languid boſom warm:
Oppreſs'd with grief, he yields his lateſt breath,
And proves at laſt his Conſtancy in death.

MORAL.

A proper leſſon to the fickle mind,
An Emblem apt of tenderneſs refin'd;
Affection pure, and undiſſembled love,
Which abſence, time, nor death, can ne'er remove.

THE

THE Dove is the moſt gentle and loving of Birds—for which qualities the ancient Heathens feigned, that the chariot of Venus the Goddeſs of Love, was drawn by Turtle-doves. The Conſtancy of the Dove is ſuch, that it is become a proverb; and when one of a pair dies, the other generally pines itſelf to death: ſo true is their love, and ſo far are they from a deſire of changing.—A very ſtriking inſtance of the power of inſtinct, and an example worthy imitation.

The Dove and Lamb are ſo remarkable for their Gentleneſs, that they have been adopted as ſymbols of our moſt holy religion, and are always repreſented in the ſacred writings, as the moſt perfect Emblems of virtue and innocence.

APPLICATION.

CONSTANCY whether in Love or Friendſhip is certainly one of the moſt ſtriking proofs of a great and noble mind, as fickleneſs is of the contrary; Love is but a more refined, a more tender friendſhip; and when that love is ſtrengthened by the more ſacred ties of marriage, it ought to be equally laſting and inviolate.

In

In ſuch a ſtate, the joy or grief of either party muſt be ſhared by the other; they muſt be both as one, or happineſs can never be expected.

In order to promote this agreeing will, conſtancy, tenderneſs, and an allowance for the frailties of humanity, are indiſpenſably neceſſary. Where theſe are united, there may truly be ſaid to be an union of ſouls, which is the greateſt felicity on earth.

The Emblem of the Dove is one of thoſe leſſons drawn from Nature, whereby the beſt among us may profit; ſince we may well be aſhamed to be outdone, either in conſtancy or tenderneſs, by any of the brute creation.

Thus like the Dove, let Conſtancy and truth,
And ſpotleſs innocence, adorn your youth;
In every ſtate the ſame bleſs'd temper prove,
Be fix'd in *Friendſhip*, and be true to LOVE.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM VIII.

Of Neceſſary Confidence.

HOPE is the firſt great b'eſſing here below,
The only balm to heal corroding woe:
It is the ſtaff of age, the ſick man's health,
The pris'ner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth;
The ſailor's ſafety; laſting as our breath,
It ſtill holds on, nor quits us e'en in death.

MORAL.

Encourage HOPE, which heals all human care,
The leaſt mad folly is a ſad Deſpair:
If you are wiſe, that dreadful evil ſhun,
Nor fall unpitied, by *yourſelf* undone.

IT is ſaid in the old heathen fable, that when Prometheus ſtole fire from heaven, with which he animated mortal bodies, Jupiter, in anger to mankind, gave Pandora a box, which was cloſe ſhut; but her curioſity (which the God foreſaw) promoting her to open it, out flew a variety of plagues and evils, which immediately diſperſed themſelves over the world.—Confounded and aſtoniſhed, Pandorā at length ſhut the fatal box again, when all the reſt of its contents being fled, Hope alone remained at the bottom, which proved the only conſolation to mankind for the plagues that Jove had ſent amongſt them.

Hope, according to our ſyſtem, is deemed one of the Chriſtian virtues, and is repreſented as in the Emblem, leaning upon an Anchor, whereby is aptly expreſſed her ſteadineſs and truſt.—In religious pictures ſhe is, moreover, generally painted with her eyes turned up towards Heaven in token of her confidence in that help which comes only from above, and which is indeed the only ſure aid to truſt to, when man forſakes us, and when the ſtorms of this world beat hard upon our bark, and threaten to wreck it.

APPLICATION.

Alas! without Hope, of what value would our mortal exiſtence prove? How ſhould we be enabled to bear up under afflictions? What cordial ſhould we have to oppoſe to the thouſand heart-corroding cares which this frail life abounds with?

It is then we avail ourſelves of this Anchor; and, of the *three Chriſtian graces*, are moſt relieved by Hope, which leads on, through Faith, to the promiſe of happier days here, or a better ſtate hereafter.

To be without Hope is the moſt dreadful of all earthly puniſhments: it is the refuge of the poor and needy, and renders the diſtribution of our lots below more equal. Since the high and low, the rich and poor, cannot, with juſtice, be deemed ſo widely different in their eſtates, when we conſider, that

These are plac'd in *Hope* and *those* in *Fear*.

Hope is, in ſhort, our beſt companion here; it leads us as it were, by the hand, through all difficulties and dangers; and, it may juſtly be ſaid of it, as has been obſerved of love; that it is

The cordial drop Heav'n in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM IX.

Of Zeal towards God.

LO! to the golden ſun's enliv'ning rays,
The grateful Plant its opening leaves diſplays;
Rejoicing in his beams and radience bright,
Expands and opens with approaching light:
But when dim night extends her duſky ſhade,
Its cloſing beauties ſicken all, and fade!
The Flow'r which Phœbus' warmth firſt bade to riſe,
Lives in *his* beams, and in *his* abſence dies.

MORAL.

Each human breaſt may this example move
To acts of Gratitude and Heavenly Love,
To HIM who gives us all our hearts to raiſe,
Live in his light, and triumph in his praiſe.

THE Sun-flower was, according to the heathen fable, a nymph called Clytie; who loved, and was at firſt beloved, by Phœbus, or the Sun, and afterwards by him changed into a Flower, which, ever mindful of the regard ſhe once bore to him, always turns itſelf to his beams.—This Plant, as it has always been remarked for its property of particularly turning to the Sun, ſo has it likewiſe been ever eſteemed an Emblem of Gratitude in general; and in particular of that which is owing to God our Creator, in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

APPLICATION.

MAN may learn *gratitude* from the brutes, and often even from the inanimate part of the creation; and, indeed, Nature herſelf does not fail to teach him this leſſon, which he muſt take great pains to eradicate from his heart, before he can be ſo baſe as to become ungrateful.

Ingratitude (ſays the ſcripture) *is worſe than the ſin of Witchcraft*, which muſt be a heinous crime indeed, to be ſpoken of in ſuch terms in the ſacred writings.

He who can return *evil* for *good*, or who can even neglect to return a good office when

when it is in his power, is ſo far from ever deſerving again to be obliged or aſſiſted, that he does not even deſerve to live.

If the gratitude we owe to our friends be ſuch an indiſputable duty, how much greater is that which we owe to God, to whoſe paternal care we are indebted for all we are, and all we ever ſhall be?——

How much does it behove us to turn to Him as to our Sun, in whoſe beams we live, and whoſe face being withdrawn, we ſhould return to our primitive nothing.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, was the precept of the wiſeſt of mortals; of one who well knew that this was not a fruitleſs duty, but ſuch a one as would be returned by unnumbered bleſſings ſhowered on the head of thoſe who attached themſelves to it.

Then like the Flow'r which to the Sun diſplays
Its orient colours, and invokes his rays,
Still turn your heart to him who reigns above,
Whoſe yoke is Freedom, and whoſe tribute Love!

EMBLEM X.

Of the Cares of Greatneſs.

LO! where Ambition's Emblem fit appears,
That great reward which pays the toil of years;
Adorn'd with all the pomp of ſtate, behold,
With jewels blazing rich the Crown of Gold:
Near, ah! too near, its ſure companion lies,
The dire attendent on the dazzling prize,
The Crown of Thorns, whoſe ſharpeſt ſtings await,
On the vain pageantry of Regal State.

MORAL.

Care follows Greatneſs; guilt or fear annoys
The Scepter'd Prince, and all his peace deſtroys:
And he who to poſſeſs a Crown is born,
For ev'ry glitt'ring Jewel finds a Thorn.

AMBITIOUS

AMBITIOUS men can conceive no good or happineſs but that which they imagine is derived from *greatneſs*; yet he is often the object of their Envy, who (if the ſecrets of his heart were known) might more properly be ſaid to deſerve their Pity.

Of all the purſuits of Ambition, a Crown is reckoned the moſt noble and valuable: and, in the opinion of ſome men, all human felicity is centered in the circle of it.—But, where they exalted to the dignity they ſo much covet, it is certain they would ſoon find their error, and be compelled, by experience, to confeſs, that the *Crown of Gold* is inſeparable from a *Crown of Thorns*, which is for ever galling the brow of Majeſty, and poiſoning all the joys a Monarch can expect to taſte.

The reflections which Shakeſpeare puts into the mouth of Prince Henry, (afterwards the great Henry V. who conquered the French at Agincourt) are very applicable to this purpoſe.——Seeing the Crown lying on his father's pillow, he breaks out into the following exclamation:

Why doth the Crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
Thou keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—He ſleeps with't now!
Yet not ſo ſound, not half ſo deeply ſweet
As he whoſe brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch at night.—O Majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That *ſcalds* with *ſafety*.

APPLICATION.

THAT to be *great* is to be *happy*, is one of thoſe errors which have almoſt in all ages prevailed among the generality of mankind. But, that to be *good* is to be *happy*, is a ſecret reſerved for the wiſe and virtuous few, who are the grace and ornament of themſelves, their friends, and their country.

An exalted ſtation always brings with it a weight of cares; and he is happier, who in the humble vale of life, purſues his way in the paths of Reaſon and Virtue, than he who ſhares the favours of a Prince, or the applauſe of a giddy multitude.

A monarch, if he is a tyrant, muſt be in perpetual *fear* of his ſubjects; if a good prince, he muſt be involved in perpetual

cares

cares for them: either way he ſtands a chance never to taſte of real happineſs; and thoſe Princes who have gone through the world with the greateſt *eclat*, have been ready to declare, that the *Crown of Gold* was ever accompanied by a *Crown of Thorns*; and that he who reſolves to gratify his *ambition*, muſt always expect to ſacrifice his *happineſs*.

EMBLEM XI.

Of Brotherly Love.

BEhold the valiant twins, whoſe glorious name
The poets conſecrate to endleſs fame!
Two bodies ſway'd by one agreeing mind;
Loving in life, and not in death disjoin'd.
For feats of arms thro' all the world renown'd,
For friendſhip *more*, the brother chiefs were found:—
Thro' life's whole race one common fate they ſhare;
Alike united, or in peace or war;
For POLLUX, CASTOR fights; in battle ſlain,
POLLUX for CASTOR begs new life in vain:
Yet half *his* days at length allow'd to give,
Alternately they die, alternate live.

MORAL.

Learn hence true Friendſhip and Fraternal Love;
An off'ring grateful to the Throne above.

CASTOR

CASTOR and POLLUX are ſaid to have been the ſons of Leda; the former, being begotten by Tyndarus, was mortal; but the latter, being the offspring of Jupiter, ſhared in his father's immortality.

The ſtrict Friendſhip, and more than Brotherly Love, which ſubſiſted between theſe chiefs, was moſt remarkable. Whether in peace or war, they were always together; they had the ſame deſigns, the ſame purſuits, and were ſwayed by the ſame ſpirits—inſomuch, that none could be Pollux's friend without being beloved by Caſtor; none could be Caſtor's foe, without being alſo the enemy of Pollux.

Theſe chiefs atchieved together many noble adventures, and were the companions of Jaſon when he ſailed to fetch the Golden Fleece from Colchis; at which time, when the ſhip Argo was in danger from a ſtorm, two ſtrange fires were ſeen harmleſsly playing round the heads of theſe youths; after which a calm enſued.—They took the city of Athens, and recovered their ſiſter Helena who had been ſtolen away by Theſeus, being at the ſame time ſo merciful, that they ſpared all the citizens.——After this, in a battle they fought with Lyncæus and Ida, the ſons

of Alphareus, near the mountain Taygetus, Caſtor (the mortal brother) was ſlain by Lyncæus, as Lyncæus was by Pollux; who, not conſoled by revenging his brother's death, begged of Jupiter to make him immortal; which requeſt not being granted, he intreated that he might beſtow half his own immortality upon him, ſo that they might live and die by turns; to which Jupiter aſſented; but they were both afterwards received into heaven, and ranked with the Gods; and, being placed among the ſtars, were known by the name of *Gemini*.*

Thus far the Fable, which has carried *Friendſhip* and *Brotherly Love* to the greateſt height poſſible.—As to the truth of the ſtory it may ſeem, that theſe brother chiefs were remarkable for their agreement in every thing, and, by their union, performed many great exploits.—At length, Caſtor was ſlain in battle; and Pollux, having killed Lyncæus, who ſlew him, finding it impoſſible to live without his brother, ſought the firſt occaſion of falling in war; and thus ſhared in his death, to whom all his wiſhes could not reſtore life, once departed.

* Or the Twins.

APPLICATION.

THIS is a fit Emblem of *Brotherly Love*, and the advantages ariſing from ſocial connections.—Man was by Nature framed for ſociety, and there can be no happineſs below without its benefits.—It is by this that we mutually ſupply each others wants, and enjoy thoſe bleſſings of life, which without it we could never purchaſe.

Friendſhip is the deareſt of all ſocial ties, and adds the higheſt reliſh to theſe bleſſings. There is not in the world ſo unhappy a man as he who has not a Friend; while he who is poſſeſſed of ſuch a jewel as a true one, may bear up under the ſtorms of Affliction, and riſe ſuperior to the frowns of Fortune.

EMBLEM XII.

Of Foreſight.

THE wary God with *double front* is grac'd,
One face ſurveys the *preſent*, one the *paſt*;
With equal looks his watchful eyes appear,
To mark th' *expiring*, and the *riſing* year:
All plans of moment own his guardian care,
He ſhews to rule the doubtful chance of war:
Emblem of *Foreſight*, ſtill in danger known,
By which great actions are atchiev'd alone.

MORAL.

Seek ſtill that Prudence, which to Virtue join'd
Makes the beſt treaſure of the human mind;
Conſider well each deed you mean to do,
But once reſolv'd, with earneſt zeal purſue.

THIS

THIS figure is a good repreſentation of Prudence and Foreſight; which, by comparing the *Paſt* with the *Preſent*, is enabled to look forward to the *Future*, and thus to judge of the conſequence of things; as for us, it is not within the compaſs of human power to do ſo.

Janus was an ancient deity, to whom the Romans in particular paid divine honours; his temple was always open in time of war, and ſhut in time of peace;—the latter circumſtance happened but three times in the courſe of many centuries, the laſt, and moſt remarkable of which was in the reign of Octavius, better known by the name of Auguſtus Cæſar, in whoſe reign the Saviour of the World was born.

It is not certainly known who this Janus was; but, according to the beſt authors of him, it ſeems he was a king of Etruria, who was famous for his Wiſdom and Prudence; and who, by the ſtrength of his judgment, foreſaw ſo well the events of many undertakings, both of his own and others, that he was ſuppoſed by many to poſſeſs ſome ſupernatural knowledge.

Though nothing of this kind was true, yet he was a very wiſe man, and a good prince. He taught his people the culture of the vine

and

and olive, together with many other uſeful and neceſſary arts of life: he alſo inſtructed them to raiſe temples to the deity, whom they worſhipped before on hills, and in groves. It is no wonder the heathens, who made gods of tyrants, ſhould, after his death, pay divine honours to this prince, whoſe ſymbolical figure was deſigned to repreſent his great wiſdom and extraordinary abilities.

APPLICATION.

It is a truth that can never be too much inculcated, that *prudence* is a moſt proper guard to protect people through life. In youth, in maturer years, in old age, it is equally neceſſary; but it becomes particularly ſo to ſuch as are engaged in any concerns of importance to others, who muſt otherwiſe ſuffer by their want of it, and will too late have occaſion to repent the confidence they placed in them.

Though *experience* belongs properly only to *Age*, yet leſſons of *prudence* may be learned in *Youth*; and, indeed, they can ſcarcely be too early inculcated, as with the *Young*, it muſt ſtand in the place of that *experience*, and is one of the beſt guides they can truſt to, to conduct them through the dangerous road of life.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XIII.

Of Senſuality.

THAT monſtrous ſhape behold with threat'ning bow,
Whoſe ardent eyes with ſavage ardor glow;
That double-form'd, whom neither race can claim;
Who yet, preſumptuous, ſcorns all ſenſe of ſhame;
Glorying in brutal ſtrength and brutal deeds,
'Till unexpected puniſhment ſucceeds:
Such as once Theſeus dealt the ſavage train,
And ſent them roaring to the wilds again;
When at the Marriage Feaſt they dar'd intrude,
To ſtain the feſtive hall with ſtreams of blood.

MORAL.

If you would ſhun that puniſhment, their due,
Be timely wiſe;—ſhun their *exceſſes* too;
Heav'n ſtill with anger will your crimes regard,
Which ſoon or late will meet their ſure reward.

ANCIENT

ANCIENT fable ſays the Centaurs were Monſters; the offſpring of Ixion, by a Cloud whom he miſtook for Juno; for which crime he was condemned to be bound perpetually to a wheel in Tartarus. It ſeems, however, that the Centaurs were a people of Theſſaly, the firſt who tamed horſes ſo as to ride upon them; but being alſo a very brutal race, they were (from that circumſtance, and their ſtrange appearance when on horſeback) ſuppoſed to be half man and half beaſt. Being invited to the wedding of Pirithoüs, one of them attempted to force away the bride; but being oppoſed by Theſeus, the inſeparable friend of the bridegroom, a ſkirmiſh enſued, which was ſucceeded by a war, wherein that hero, aſſiſted by the Lapithæ, totally exterminated them; almoſt an age before the famous ſiege of Troy was undertaken by the confederate Greeks.

APPLICATION.

SUCH are the effects of *Drunkenneſs* and *Diſſipation*; ſuch the reward of *Cruelty* and *Brutality*; which, though they may ſeem triumphant for a while, will at laſt certainly meet their doom, when they will remain, to the lateſt poſterity, as dreadful monuments of the wrath of Heaven.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XIV.

Of Wiſdom.

BEhold, with graceful mien, the heav'nly maid,
Shines forth in ſtrong and glitt'ring arms array'd!
The power of Wiſdom in her looks ſhe ſhows,
And ſtands the terror of an Hoſt of Foes.

MORAL.

Let PALLAS' arts your ev'ry action guide,
And more in *Wiſdom* than in *Strength* confide;
If you with Virtue and with Prudence arm,
No fraud can reach you, and no ſtrength can harm:
Safe in yourſelf, your foes you may defy,
And vice and folly from your face ſhall fly.

PALLAS

PALLAS, or MINERVA, was ſaid to be the daughter of Jupiter; ſhe ſprang out of his head in a full aſſembly of the Gods. She ſoon gave evident tokens of her divine deſcent by her *wiſdom*, the effects of which were ſeen both in heaven and earth. She aſſiſted her father Jupiter in his war with the Giant Titan.—When ſhe had a diſpute with Neptune, God of the Sea, which of them ſhould name a city, it was agreed, whichſoever produced the moſt beneficial thing, ſhould have the privilege; on which Neptune preſented them with a Horſe, an Emblem of Strength and Courage; but Pallas gave them an Olive, an Emblem of Peace and Plenty; whereupon it was determined in her favour, and ſhe called the city ATHENS.

Thus far the Fable;—the Moral is plain: Wiſdom ſprang from the Supreme Being; and by that Wiſdom He overcomes Evil.—By Wiſdom, Peace and Plenty flouriſh in cities and civil ſocieties; and, by its means, private men may be enabled to enjoy domeſtic happineſs.

APPLICATION.

WHEN the Almighty gave king Solomon his choice of bleſſings, he aſked for Wiſdom and Length of days; Riches and Honour were

were added to them, becauſe God was pleaſed with his requeſt, as he aſked only that which was fit and neceſſary.

The man who is armed with true Wiſdom, has little to fear from the aſſaults of his enemies, becauſe he finds his reſource in *himſelf*; while he that depends only on the help of *others*, is often deſerted at his need, and finds his miſtake when it is too late to rectify it.

Wiſdom is the companion of Virtue, as Folly is the ſiſter of Vice; but it is impoſſible for a wicked man to be truly wiſe; for if he were ſo, he would ſee the folly of his evil ways, and turn from them.—Wiſdom is a *Safeguard*, and a *Tower of Defence*; and he that truſts to her, will never have reaſon to repent his confidence.

Be *virtuous*, be *wiſe*, and be *happy*; for in the true ſenſe of the words, they are the ſame thing; from Virtue and Prudence, all the good we can hope for in this world is derived; without them we muſt expect nothing but *miſery* and *anxiety*.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XV.

Of Inſtability.

THIS is the Syren, whoſe enchanting ſong
Draws the unthinking multitude along;
That feeds with faithleſs hopes and luring bait,
The poor deluded wretch ſhe means to cheat!
Men call her falſe, inconſtant, cruel, vain,
Yet ſeek her favours with unwearied pain.
Th' unhappy bear her frowns, ſtill led away
With expectation of a better day;
Th' ambitious court her ſmiles; but ſtill the wiſe,
Do her and all her gilded pomp deſpiſe.

MORAL.

Her fairy kingdom, her fantaſtic good
Avoid; and by more certain hopes purſu'd,
Truſt not to fickle Fortune's partial pow'r,
But, timely wiſe, employ the preſent hour.

FORTUNE

FORTUNE was among the ancient heathens, of all powers repreſented as the moſt partial. The old Romans worſhipped her as a deity; but at the ſame time it is to be obſerved, that they repreſented her as blind, and ſtanding on a wheel. Her *blindneſs* repreſents her *undiſcerning partiality*, and the *wheel* her *fickleneſs*; juſt Emblems of her conduct in the diſtribution of thoſe favours which the wiſe will always learn to contemn.

That the heathen world, who made deities of almoſt every thing, ſhould aſcribe divine honours to Fortune, is not at all wonderful;—but in this more enlightened age it is moſt ridiculous to make a Goddeſs of her; and yet, what leſs do they, who leave all to her power, and let the ſeaſons paſs away? Day and night ſucceed to each other, without ever thinking how properly to employ them; truſting all to Fortune and Chance; forgeting that ſucceſs attends an honeſt induſtry; and that Poverty is the inſeparable companion of Idleneſs.

APPLICATION.

THERE is not a juſter maxim, than that '*Fortune is the Deity of Fools*;' they worſhip only her; they leave every thing in her power; while the wiſe and good man, who truſts

truſts nothing to her but what he cannot help, bears her ſmiles with equanimity, and her frowns with fortitude.

Fools, on the other hand, not only worſhip, but in ſome ſenſe, according to the old adage, *make* Fortune; that s, they truſt all to *chance*, and then complain of thoſe, whereof themſelves are authors.

Thoſe who would be candidates for ſucceſs in life, ſhould never rely on ſo fickle a patroneſs; in ſhort, they ſhould conſider that there is no ſuch thing as *chance*, but that every thing depends on their own *induſtry*, accompanied by the bleſſing of Providence, which generally attends the Wiſe and Virtuous; and is far more proper to truſt to, than ſuch a fickle friend as Fortune, who

Undiſcerning ſcatters crowns and chains.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XVI.

Of Improvement.

THE wiſe induſtrious Bee employs the hours,
In ſipping fragrance from the various flow'rs.
No plant, no herb, that Nature's hand prepares,
But yields her Honey to reward her cares.

MORAL.

Learn by the Bee from each event to find
Some hint of uſe or profit to your mind:
Nothing ſo ſmall but you may draw from thence,
Improvement for your Virtue or your Senſe.
Honey like this life's evils will aſſuage,
And yields you ſweets in your declining age.

THE

THE Bee is a noble pattern of *induſtry* and *prudence*. She ſettles upon every plant and flower, and makes the moſt inſignificant, nay, even the moſt hurtful of them, uſeful to her purpoſe.—Thus ſhe toils all the Summer, while the days are fair, in order to get a ſtock, which ſhe lays by to ſerve for Winter, when the herbs and flowers are dead, the trees deprived of their leaves, and the weather bad and unfavourable.

Then the Bees retire to their Hive, which is formed like a little ſtate, and governed by a Queen, who diſpenſes juſtice to her ſubjects. It is ſaid they bury their dead, puniſh criminals, and drive the *Idle* (which are called Drones) from their Hives.—They keep a regular order, whether in war or peace; and, as ſoon as their Queen dies, appoint another to ſucceed her, and rule their little ſtate, which may ſerve as a pattern for a well-ordered community.

APPLICATION.

THE Bee is one of the apteſt Emblems of *Induſtry*, and the art of extracting *good* out of *evil*, that can be found in Nature. It is endued with an *inſtinct*, that *reaſon* itſelf needs not be aſhamed to copy; as its *perſeverance* is an admirable example for the wiſeſt of us to follow.

As

As the Bee; in the Summer, provides for itſelf that, which may ſerve for its ſupport in Winter, ſo ſhould we, in the Summer of our days, take care to lay in a ſtore of profitable virtues, and good qualities, which may render us juſtly admired in age, and enable us to ſet a good example to poſterity.

Like that induſtrious Inſect, likewiſe, we ſhould learn to make every occurrence of life ſerviceable to us; for nothing is ſo ſmall or minute but it may be made of uſe; nothing ſo bad in Nature, but we may draw from it ſome profit or inſtruction; and thus, by chuſing the Good, and avoiding the Evil, we may purchaſe to ourſelves, Peace here, and the Hopes of a brighter Reward hereafter.

EMBLEM XVII.

Of Deceit.

WOuld'ſt thou, unthinking, to the beaſt draw near,
Caught by his plaintive Cry, and fraudful Tear?
Ah! fly in time the dreadful ſtroke of Fate,
Nor ſtay to feel it, and be wiſe too late.

MORAL.

Deceitful men, and all their mazes ſhun,
Nor by diſſembled ſorrows be undone:
If much they ſeem their actions to deplore,
Forgive their *crimes*, but truſt their *words* no more.

THE

THE Crocodile is reported to weep over its prey, and to ſend forth a piteous and diſtreſsful cry, in order to allure men or beaſts to its haunts, that it may ſeize and devour them. This ſtory is variouſly told—Some ſay it devours whatever it catches, all but the head, and then weeps becauſe no more is left to ſatisfy its rapacious appetite. It is moſt likely, on comparing the different accounts, that this animal makes a noiſe, which other creatures take for a complaint, though probably it is only a ſound it commonly ſends forth over its prey, as the growling of a cat over a mouſe. However that be, Crocodile's Tears are become a Proverb; and a moral of ſound prudence may by drawn from the Emblem.

APPLICATION.

As it is man's greateſt praiſe "to be Wiſe as a Serpent, and as Innocent as a Dove," ſo, he who ſuffers himſelf to fall into the ſnares of deſigning men, will quickly put it out of his own power to be of ſervice to the good and virtuous.

No principle is more noble than that of forgiving injuries—nothing ſo wicked or

unprofitable as a rancorous revenge. Heaven itſelf commands us to forgive our enemies; but it is the height of folly to truſt thoſe who have injured us.

There are ſome people, who, like the Crocodile in the Emblem, will even ſeem to lament their former injuries, in order to have it in their power to do you freſh ones. Of ſuch perſons beware: do *them* no harm, but take care not to put it into their power to do *you* any.

If you would paſs through life with any degree of ſatisfaction, it is neceſſary that you be *good* and *prudent*. Wiſdom is the ſiſter of Virtue; join them both in your conduct; and, if it ſhould happen that you do not *enjoy* all the felicity you might expect, you will at leaſt have the comfort to *deſerve* it.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XVIII.

Of Indiſcretion.

THE buſy inſect hov'ring round the light,
Pleas'd with the taper's beams which gild the night,
Still round and round in giddy circles flies,
Till caught within the ſcorching blaze, it dies.
Ah! ſilly thing, the ſource of all thy joy,
(A beauteous miſchief!) ſhines but to deſtroy:
E'en ſo the youth who burns with wild deſires,
Oft falls the victim of unhallow'd fires.

MORAL.

Avoid the glitt'ring evil, ſhun the ſnare,
Which Sin and Guile for artleſs youth prepare;
Leſt with the Moth one common fate you prove,
And periſh by th' exceſſes which you love.

THE Moth, allured by the Brightneſs of the Candle, plays round the Flame, till at laſt it is conſumed by its heat. A fit Emblem of thoſe unwary ones who play round the verge of Evil, till at length they precipitate themſelves into infamy and ruin.

The Fly, and many other winged inſects, have the ſame propenſity to hovering round any luminous body, and frequently die by the heat, which is inſeparable from that brightneſs they ſo much deſire; but none ſo frequently find their fate in the Blaze, as the Moth, which is almoſt as ſure to periſh by the Candle, as to perceive its light. The Moth feeds chiefly upon cloth and woollen ſtuffs; and is an animal of ſo delicate a texture, that a ſlight touch cruſhes it to pieces; it is therefore the laſt creature in the world to ſuſtain the attacks of ſo terrible an enemy as fire; yet this enemy, in the reſemblance of a friend, courts it to draw near, and afterwards works its inevitable deſtruction.

APPLICATION.

WHAT an unhappy ſtate is theirs, who will not take warning by the end of others, nor avoid the miſchiefs which have proved fatal to ſo many.

What

What numbers have experienced the ſame fate with the Inſect in the Emblem; and yet what numbers are daily running on, in the ſame manner, to their ruin, ſporting with Vice and Folly, and, as it were, making Danger their playfellow;—they cannot, or will not ſee, *that the end of theſe things is death*; they go on from one ſtep to another, till it is too late to recede, and ſink into the gulph of miſery; leaving behind them freſh examples of what was already well enough known, but always too little regarded.

If you are wiſe, ſhun all temptations, and be not deceived by appearances; Vice, Folly, and Danger, often lurk under the moſt inviting forms; but try the Tree; not by its appearance but by its Fruit, you ſhall know it.

Sweeteſt leaves the Roſe adorn,
Yet beneath them lurks the Thorn;
Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
Yet it hides the ſpeckled ſnake.

Conſider, and beware; for he who would avoid ſorrow, muſt be wary in his ſteps; and he who would ſhun misfortune, muſt be careful to take Wiſdom for his companion.

EMBLEM XIX.

Of Temperance.

WHILE drown'd in Luxury yon feſtal train,
Court this frail world's felicity in vain;
Behold the Cynic from his Tub derides
Their idle mirth, and laughing ſhakes his ſides!
He, who the world's great maſter* could contemn,
Might ſit at eaſe, and laugh at Vice and them:
Few were his Wants, and therefore few his Woes;
He who has nought to loſe, no terrors knows:
Not riches, but Contentment, muſt procure
Our peace below, and make our bliſs ſecure.

MORAL.

Learn nought to covet;—prize what is your own,
And you're more bleſt than he who fills a throne.

* Alexander the Great.

DIOGENES

DIOGENES was a Grecian philoſopher, who much admired Poverty, and placed his chief happineſs in Content. His method of living, however, was extraordinary; for, inſtead of a houſe, he dwelt in a Tub, from whence he laughed at the luxuries of the Great, and even went ſo far as to ſpeak againſt the uſe of what are generally deemed the neceſſaries of life; almoſt all of which he contrived to ſubſiſt without; inſomuch, that one day ſeeing a boy drink out of the hollow of his hand, he broke his pitcher, ſaying, that nothing was neceſſary to him, which it was poſſible for any one to do without.

When Alexander, for his conqueſts ſurnamed the Great, the ſon of Philip, king of Macedon, once made him a viſit, and aſked him what he ſhould do for him? "Nothing, replied the Cynic, but ſtand out of my ſunſhine, and do not deprive me of that which thou can'ſt not give me."—In ſo little eſtimation did he hold princes, or their favours. To ſay the truth, his chief aim being Content, and his conduct being founded on the maxim, "That he who has leaſt Wants is the happieſt man," if his wants were really as few as the ſupplies he afforded

them, he might, not unreaſonably be ſuppoſed to be as happy as any one.

He was a great declaimer againſt Vice in general, and Luxury in particular; and his raillery, and that of his ſect, was ſo ſharp, that their countrymen called them CYNICS, that is, Snarlers; and this is the apellation by which they are known, wherever their names are mentioned in hiſtory.

APPLICATION.

THERE can be no doubt, but that the happineſs of every man muſt, in a great meaſure, depend on the diſpoſition of his mind; elſe we ſhould not every day ſee ſome people unhappy with every thing that, to all outward appearance, could contribute to their felicity, whilſt others, ſcarcely poſſeſſed of neceſſaries, ſeem merry and happy.

EMBLEM XX.

Of False Friendship.

THE STAG once wounded, 'tis in vain he flies,
In vain to mingle with the herd he tries;
The herd avoid him as mark'd out for death,
Till in despair he draws his latest breath;
His wayward fate all friendly aid denies;
Deserted at his utmost need, he dies.

MORAL.

So those false friends whom worldly int'rests sway,
When Mischief threatens will fly far away;
Bask in thy sunshine; but in evil times,
And low'ring days, seek out for warmer climes.
Chuse then with caution, if thou would'st succeed;
A Friend in Poverty 's a Friend indeed.

IT has often been remarked of the Stag, that, being wounded by the hunters, he attemps to take ſhelter among the firſt herd of Deer that he eſpies; while theſe, on their part, like falſe friends, as induſtriouſly avoid him; and, to keep off from danger themſelves, abandon him to his fate. The deſertion of his ſpecies is beautifully pictured by Shakeſpeare, in his play, called, As You Like it; in the following lines:

——————A poor ſequeſter'd Stag
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh there;
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leather coat,
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chace:—Anon a careleſs herd
Full of the paſture, jump'd along by him,
And never ſtay'd to greet him.

This creature, if he eſcapes the hunters, generally lives to a great age—Some authors ſay he attains to 300 years; but this ſeems to be a fable: however, that he is a very long-lived animal, is clear, from many circumſtances inconteſtibly authenticated: Nature has endued him with a remarkable ſwiftneſs of foot, and the branches which vegetate from his head, are equally uſeful and ornamental.

APPLI-

APPLICATION.

THERE cannot be a fitter Emblem of *falſe Friendſhip*, than that which is here exhibited—The ſtag is wounded; he flies from his purſuers, who have marked him out for death; he ſeeks, by mingling with the croud, to eſcape their notice. Where ſhould he hope for ſhelter, but among his own kind—perhaps, the very herd of which he was once the leader? he throws himſelf therefore upon their protection: but, alas, how vain are his deſigns! reſolved not to ſhare in his misfortunes, they fly, and teach him, too late, how little he has to hope from their kindneſs.—He falls—the conſequence of which is, that among all theſe, every one in his turn experiences the ſame treatment from his fellow.

Juſt ſo it fares with thoſe Friendſhips which are founded only upon Intereſt, which have neither Piety, Virtue, nor mutual Benevolence for their baſis.—In proſperity, theſe men will be ever ready at your command, either becauſe you do not want them, or becauſe they know you will overpay their ſervices. Change the ſcene to Adverſity, and they change with it—they deſert

deſert you—you will find no ſhelter with them; but like the Deer in the Fable, each will ſhift for himſelf, and leave you to your fate.

Be careful then how you chuſe a Friend, which is the greateſt of all earthly acquiſitions; and, above all things, remember, that can be no real Friendſhip, which is founded merely upon Intereſt.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXI.

Of Education.

SEE in what evil plight yon Vine appears,
Nor ſpreading leaves, nor purple cluſters bears;
But if around the Elm her arms ſhe throws,
Or by ſome friendly Prop ſupported grows,
Soon ſhall the ſtem be clad with foliage green,
And cluſter'd Grapes beneath the leaves be ſeen.

MORAL.

Thus prudent care muſt rear the youthful mind,
By Love ſupported, and with toil refin'd:
'Tis thus alone the Human Plant can riſe;
Unpropp'd it droops, and unſupported, dies.

THE

THE VINE never flouriſhes without a Prop or Support. Like the fruit it bears, it is of a ſocial nature, and rewards the friendly ſhade which ſupports it, with its purple treaſures. But if it is ſuffered to creep along without a Prop, it will moſt certainly diſappoint the hopes of the planter, and prove barren and uſeleſs.

APPLICATION.

THIS is a fit Emblem of Youth, which, if left to itſelf, will never grow up in Wiſdom or in Virtue.—To Education alone, muſt children be indebted for their Morals, and the Care of the Parents is always viſible in the Conduct of their Offspring.

When a Youth has received a virtuous and liberal Education, no gratitude can be ſufficient to diſcharge the debt he owes to his parents; ſince he is not only indebted to them for his Being, but alſo for all his hopes of peace here, and of eternal happineſs hereafter.

On the other hand, he who has been neglected in his youth, has a heavy accuſation to bring againſt thoſe who reared him, when he comes to years of maturity. Evil inclinations, if not checked, will grow amazingly upon us, while good ones, if they be not properly encouraged, will fade and die away; and that will

will be too late deplored in age, which might have been remedied in our earlier years.

How careful then ought Parents and Guardians to be of their charge, of which they muſt one day render up an account, where no idle excuſes will be admitted: no evaſion nor equivocation can avail them!

If it be then found that they have been careleſs in this great work, how poignant will be their ſhame, and how ſevere their puniſhment!

But if they have faithfully diſcharged this truſt, committed to them by Heaven itſelf, how great will be their honour, how glorious the crown of their reward!

The Education of Children is indeed a matter of ſuch conſequence, that it concerns not only private perſons, but the public in general; and that nation will always be the moſt virtuous, and the moſt reſpectable, whoſe youth are educated with the greateſt care, and are earlieſt inſtructed in the duties of Men, and of Chriſtians.

Theſe, like the generous Vine, will fully repay the pious care of the Planter; and, while they are known by their Fruit, will reflect honour upon the hands that reared them.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXII.

Of reſiſting the evil Principle.

BY great Apollo's arm the Python ſlain,
O'er many a rood lies ſtretched upon the plain;
The world rejoices from the Monſter freed;
The Godhead triumphs in the glorious deed.
For feats like theſe, heroic chiefs of old,
In Fame's bright temple higheſt honour hold.

MORAL.

With valiant heart proceed in Virtue's ways,
And gain the tribute of immortal praiſe:
The Monſter Vice with all your pow'rs engage,
And riſe the Phœbus of another age.

THE

THE Serpent Python was a Monſter, which, according to the fabulous account, ſprung from the mud and ſtagnated waters that the General Deluge left behind.

This Monſter, the God Apollo (who is alſo called Phœbus) engaged, and deſtroyed with his unerring arrows! for which ſervice divine honours were paid him, and the Pythian Games were eſtabliſhed. He had a celebrated temple at Delphos, where Oracles were delivered in his name, by a prieſteſs called Pythia, and was, next to Jupiter, the moſt eſteemed of all Heathen Gods.

The Fable ſignifies, that the Deluge left behind it certain ſtagnate waters, and theſe produced peſtilential vapours, which, however, at length, the beams of Apollo, Phœbus or the Sun, exhaled, and deſtroyed their noxious quality.

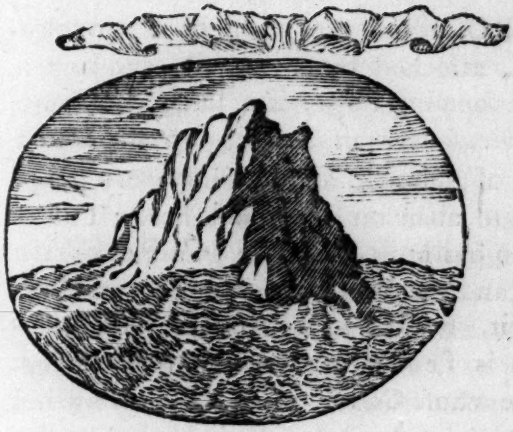
The Moral is, that Vice and Oppreſſion ought to be courageouſly reſiſted; and that thoſe who do good to their fellow-creatures, deſerve to receive public honours at their hands.

APPLICATION.

If we mean to atchieve praiſe-worthy actions, we muſt not be daunted at difficulties, nor terrified by oppoſition. We muſt reſolve

ſolve to vanquiſh theſe obſtacles which may ariſe, and this reſolution will be half the victory.

We muſt, moreover, be ever ready prepared, on every occaſion, to reſiſt the Evil Principle, which, like the Python in the Emblem, lays all waſte before him. Clad in the armour of Virtue, we muſt advance boldly to the combat; we muſt conquer all bad inclinations, and, with the aſſiſtance of the Divine Grace, make war upon the depravity and wickedneſs of our own nature. This is the conqueſt we ſhall find hardeſt to gain; but, when obtained, it will fully recompence our toils; ſince he that has his paſſions at command, is greater than he who rules a kingdom; and the man that vanquiſhes himſelf, is greater than he who triumphs over an enemy.



EMBLEM XXIII.

Of Fortitude.

SAFE in its ſtrength, the Rock's broad baſe derides
The roaring Tempeſts, and the raging Tides;
Unmov'd, tho' Boreas bluſter from on high,
Or Ocean lift his billows to the ſky:
Its fixt foundations, which by Heaven were caſt
When Time began, with Time itſelf ſhall laſt.

MORAL.

Be ſtrong, be ſtedfaſt, in fair Virtue's cauſe,
Nor fear reproof, nor covet vain applauſe:
Heed not of evil tongues the envious ſtrife,
Nor the loud ſtorms that rage thro' human life:
On Truth's firm baſis let your Hopes remain,
And Seas may rage, and Tempeſts roar in vain.

A ROCK

A ROCK in the midſt of a troubled Ocean, attacked by Tempeſts, and beaten by the foaming ſurge, is a juſt reſemblance of a virtuous man bearing up under the ſtorms of affliction, and reſiſting every temptation to abandon his innocence. This is he who has built his houſe on a Rock: the Rains and the Winds may come, and beat upon it, but in vain: becauſe its Foundation is ſtedfaſt, and cannot be removed. But he whoſe Conſtancy is not proof againſt the ſtorms of Adverſity, is indeed, like one who has founded his houſe on the Sand, which the firſt Tempeſt will be likely to overthrow, and to ſweep away its remembrance from under Heaven. To ſuch a man, what avails it that he has been accounted virtuous, if he falls off in the day of trial; if at length, when he is weighed in the balance, he is found wanting?—His good deeds will be forgotten, but his offence will be had in perpetual remembrance.

APPLICATION.

ADVERSITY is the teſt of Conſtancy; it is the fiery trial, which, when the virtuous have gone through, they are found as pure gold, neither diminiſhed in weight nor value.

It

It is an eaſy thing for a man to poſſeſs himſelf in the ſummer and ſunſhine of life; it is eaſy for him to boaſt that Virtue which never yet was tried, and to exult in that Fortitude which he has never yet had occaſion to exert; but true magnanimity and greatneſs of ſoul are found in ſupporting Evils with Reſignation, and reſiſting Temptations with Reſolution.

It is by the teſt of misfortune that the greateſt and beſt of men have been proved; it is to their noble behaviour under it, that they owe the titles of Good and Great.—The ſaints and martyrs among the primitive chriſtians, and Socrates among the heathens, dying for the teſtimony of truth, are characters which will ever be juſtly admired in this world, as doubtleſs they were rewarded in a better ſtate.

Learn then to copy ſuch great examples, and hold faſt the Truth, even to death; this is to lay your *foundation on a rock*, which defies the Tempeſt, and ſtands ſecure amidſt the Roaring Waves of the Ocean, which endeavour in vain to ſhake it, becauſe its baſis is ſtedfaſt and immovable.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXIV.

Of the Uſe of Self-Denial.

WITH haſty ſteps, at the firſt dawn of day,
The chearful traveller purſues his way;
But tir'd at noon, he ſeeks a ſhady grove
Of lofty trees, whoſe branches meet above:
Conceal'd beneath the Graſs the Serpent lies,
The ſwain draws near, and by his venom dies.

MORAL.

Thus he, who leaving Virtue's ſacred ways,
Securely thro' the paths of Pleaſure ſtrays:
Wounded by Vice, his Peace and Honour loſt,
Buys late experience at too dear a coſt:
To him who *perſeveres* alone are giv'n
Fair fame on earth, and endleſs bliſs in Heav'n.

A SER-

A SERPENT concealed in the Graſs, is an apt Emblem of Fraud and Vice, concealed under ſpecious appearances.—The Traveller goes on his road with chearfulneſs, during the morning hours: he doubts not but he ſhall ſoon get to his journey's end, and expects not to meet with the leaſt obſtacle in his way.

But when he feels the heat increaſing, his vigour begins to relax. When the hour of noon arrives, he is abſolutely weak and faint. He beholds a wood ſpread its inviting ſhade; he conſiders not that to enter is to deviate from his road; he thinks not what danger he may encounter there: all his attention is taken up in relieving himſelf from a preſent inconvenience.

He enters the grove, and loſes himſelf among its cool and agreeable windings. When he would return, he finds himſelf perplexed, as in a maze, and before he can regain the road, he is bitten by a venemous reptile, which was concealed from his ſight among the graſs—He now wiſhes he had borne the heat of the day; his blood is conſumed with fires more intolerable. He falters—ſinks under his pains, and falls a victim to his own imprudence.

APPLICATION.

VIRTUE is never ſafe but when ſhe is ſecured by the guard of Prudence: Diſcretion is her handmaid, and Wiſdom her counſellor and inſtructor.

Caution is a neceſſary leſſon to be learned by Youth; and Perſeverance one of the beſt qualities they can be indowed with.

When Fortune ſmiles upon us, it is not ſo difficult to go on in the practice of Virtue: —a man may eaſily obtain the reputation of being *good*, when he is ſo circumſtanced, that he muſt become a monſter of Vice to be *wicked*.

But you who would attain to the end of your labours, be virtuous, and to your *virtue* join *prudence*; be prudent alſo, and to your *prudence* join *perſeverance*; ſo ſhall you not fall into the Snares of Pleaſure; nor feel the envenomed Stings of Guilt and Remorſe, whoſe fangs are ſharper than thoſe of the Serpent, and whoſe poiſon is more deadly than that of the venomous Adder.

EMBLEM XXV.

Of the Danger of Temptation.

THE ſilly fiſh, while playing in the brook,
Hath gorg'd and ſwallow'd the deſtructive hook;
In vain he flounces on the quiv'ring hair,
Drawn panting forth to breathe the upper air:
Caught by his folly in the glitt'ring bait,
He meets his ruin, and ſubmits to fate.

MORAL.

Avoid baſe bribes; the tempting lure diſplay'd,
If once you ſeize, you periſh ſelf-betray'd.
Be ſlow to take when ſtrangers haſte to give,
Leſt of your ruin you the price receive.

THE ſimple Fiſh ſports on the ſurface of the clear ſtreams, while the wily Angler plies his Rod and Line;—the timid animal often approaches the bait, and as often returns from it; till at laſt, juſt as the ſun ſhrouds his radiance behind a cloud, he ventures to jump at the fictitious fly, ſwallows it at once, and with it ſwallows the bearded hook. That moment ſeals his ruin: ſmarting from the wound, he ſtruggles and endeavours to free himſelf, but in vain. The Angler, giving full play to the Line, permits him to run away with it. But this ſtruggle only tends to make his ruin more certain. He is ſoon tired out, and then, being lifted out of the water, proves an eaſy prey to his foe. He pants, he expires in agonies, yet owes his deſtruction to a *ſlender hair:* ſo often do ſeeming trifles tend to Ruin and Perdition.

APPLICATION.

WHAT a fit Emblem is this of thoſe heedleſs perſons who ſuffer themſelves to be deluded by *glittering temptations*, or drawn into ſnares by the artifices of the vicious and deſigning.

If, for a while, like the fiſh they play about the Hook, yet, in ſome unguarded moment

moment, when the light of their reaſon is obſcured, they ſeize the ſpecious Bait, and then they find all their ſtruggles ineffectual. He who has had the art to *catch*, like the Angler in the Emblem, has generally the judgment to *ſecure* his Prey. Such an one will but ſmile at their vain attempts to recover their liberty, while he is ſenſible theſe only ſerve ſtill farther to enthral them. The dye is caſt, and they become the victims of their own imprudence.

The offers of ſome men are dangerous; be not therefore led away by ſpecious appearances: think before you act; and let the character of the *giver*, and the conditions he is likely to exact, be well conſidered before you receive the gift. If it be the price of *vice* or *folly*, ſhun it, as you hope, for *peace* and *honeſt fame:* each Temptation you have avoided, will, by reflection, ſtrenthen you againſt the next; cuſtom will make the moſt difficult ſelf-denials eaſy, and by one victory, you will be enabled to gain another. You will thus be delivered from the ſnares of *vice*, and *folly* ſhall never triumph over your fall.

EMBLEM XXVI.

Of Perſeverance.

JASON, a bold advent'rer ſail'd to claim,
The precious prize which rais'd his country's fame:
His veſſel bore the flow'r of ancient Greece
To Colchis' ſhore to claim the Golden Fleece:
But firſt the Brazen-footed Bulls he train'd,
And with hard yokes their ſtubborn necks reſtrain'd;
Sow'd Serpent's Teeth, from which immediate roſe
A grove of lances, and a hoſt of foes;—
And charm'd the Watchful Dragon to repoſe.
Theſe toils o'erpaſt, in peace he ends his days,
And gains the tribute of immortal praiſe.

MORAL.

Be reſolute in Good, and you will find
All evils ſhrink before a Conſtant Mind.

THE

THE Golden Fleece was ſaid to be the ſkin of a Golden Ram which had been offered up to Jupiter, and was kept at Colchis; but on the condition of being ſurrendered to any man who could tame the King's Brazen-footed Bulls, which belched out fire and ſmoke; gain the victory over an Armed Troop that were to riſe out of Serpent's Teeth, ſown in the earth; and charm to ſleep a Wakeful Dragon which guarded the ſplendid prize.

To atchieve this adventure, ſeveral Grecian heroes ſailed for Colchis, the chief of whom was Jaſon, the ſon of Æſon, a chief renowned for *courage* and *fortitude*; who, by the aſſiſtance of certain charms which he received from Medea, the Colchian monarch's daughter, yoked the Bulls, overcame the armed Men by a ſtratagem, cauſed the Dragon to fall into a deep ſleep, and brought away the Golden Fleece, together with the Princeſs who helped him to obtain it.

The veſſel they ſailed in was called Argo, from whence theſe adventurers were termed Argonauts. This is ſuppoſed to have been the firſt expedition of any conſequence the Greeks ever undertook; and thoſe who

were concerned in it, were ſome of the moſt famous heroes in fabulous hiſtory.

This is the tenor of the ſtory, which is greatly mixed with fable. The truth ſeems to be, that Jaſon and his companions ſailed to eſtabliſh a gainful commerce at Colchis. In this their expedition they met with many obſtacles from the ſavage manners of the people they had to deal with, but at laſt, by *perſeverance*, overcame them, and happily returned to their native country, crowned with all the ſucceſs their warmeſt wiſhes could have induced them to expect.

APPLICATION.

EXAMPLES like theſe, of Fortitude and Perſeverance in all laudable undertakings, for the benefit of ourſelves, our friends, or our country, carry their application with them, which can never be too much inculcated, or attended to.

If, like Jaſon, we would bear away the Prize, like him we muſt learn to deſerve it; we muſt hazard ourſelves againſt the *fierce*; nor muſt we be afraid to oppoſe the *ſtrong*, when Virtue, and the duty we owe to Heaven and to our country, demand it. Above all things, we muſt learn to curb our immo-

derate

derate Paſſions; theſe are the *fiery bulls* we muſt break to the yoke. We muſt conquer the *hoſt of Temptations*, and charm to ſleep the *evil principle* in our nature, which is always ready to moleſt us.

Finally, we muſt never hope to vanquiſh the ſtubborn temper of others, till we have firſt learnt to ſubdue our own; nor muſt we ever expect to atchieve any great actions, unleſs we are endowed with an unconquerable Firmneſs and Perſeverance.

EMBLEM XXVII.

Of Vain Purſuits.

FROM ſultry noon, till night's dull ſhades deſcend,
Behold the Boy his fruitleſs chaſe attend!
To gain the Inſect's painted wings he flies,
And pleas'd, at laſt, obtains the *gaudy prize*!
But whilſt its beauties he ſurveys with joy,
Theſe hands which ſeize them, fatally deſtroy.

MORAL.

Even ſo thoſe Pleaſures which we wiſh to gain,
And ſacrifice our quiet to obtain,
With gaudy flutt'rings tempt us to purſue,
But, while we graſp them, vaniſh from our view;
Or gain'd, but ill reward our labour paſt,
Cruſh'd, as we ſeize them, by our eager haſte.

THE

THE ſimple Boy, ſmitten with the gaudy colours of the Butterfly, chaces it from flower to flower, with the utmoſt eagerneſs. —The fluttering inſect ſtill flies before him, ſtill eludes his purſuit. When he thinks he has it juſt within his graſp, it ſlips away, and ſoars aloft in air; at another time, it ſkulks behind the leaves of a plant, and hides itſelf from his curious ſearch.

The hours ſlip away unperceived, and the wanton loſes himſelf while he is purſuing his prey.—The chaſe began at noon: he ſuſtains the heat of the meridian hours; the day declines, and he is not yet at the end of his labour.

But, at length, juſt at the time of the ſun's ſetting, he ſurpriſes the gay fluttering inſect in the cup of a blue-bell. Eagerly he haſtens to catch it, he ſqueezes the ſides of the flower together, to prevent the eſcape of his captive; he does indeed moſt effectually prevent it, but at the ſame time he defeats his own end, for he cruſhes the inſect to pieces; and thus, by his own *eagerneſs*, loſes the fruit of his toil, and deſtroys that beauty he coveted ſo much to poſſeſs.

APPLICATION.

This is an apt Emblem of the impetuoſity of Youth, which, with a blind precipitancy, purſues *vain pleaſures* that never can afford any *ſolid enjoyment*.

Paſſion is ever fierce, headſtrong, and regardleſs of conſequences; it is ready to encounter all oppoſition, to run through every danger for the moſt trifling acquiſition; and its hurry often deſtroys the objects on which its wiſhes have been ſet, by no other means than its eagerneſs to poſſeſs them.

Paſſion thus indulged, can never contribute any thing to Felicity; and he who knows not what it is to be moderate in the purſuit of Pleaſures, will never know what it is truly to enjoy them.

And, moreover, we ſhould ever

Avoid to take the life we cannot give,
Since all things have an equal right to live.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXVIII.

Of Ambition.

WHY would yon Eagle proudly ſoar ſo high,
And ſtrive to emulate the diſtant ſky?
What; ſees ſhe not the weight and ſtraight'ning band,
That all her pow'r with double force withſtand!
In vain, fond bird, your pinions you extend,
Check'd in your flight, to earth you muſt deſcend:
Ev'n ſo would mad Ambition widely tow'r;
Boundleſs his wiſh, but limited his pow'r.

MORAL.

Remember all things have a certain bound,
Which, once obtain'd, your *ne plus ultra*'s found:
Ambition ſhun, if you would taſte of peace,
For while its views extend, its ſorrows ſtill increaſe.

THE

THE Eagle is generally eſteemed the chief of birds; it flies higher than all others, and builds its neſt in the tops of the loftieſt trees, or on high rocks, poiſing it with ſtones, in the former caſe, to prevent its falling. The long life, and ſharp ſight of this bird, have been much exaggerated: it has been reported to live more than a century, and to fly always directly againſt the ſun, fixing his eyes on him in its greateſt ſplendor. Thus much, however, is certain; that the Eagle poſſeſſes a very piercing ſight and lives to a great age. It is a bird of prey, like the Vulture, and others of that kind; and will, ſometimes, even attack living quadrupeds.

The Eagle has ever been reckoned an Emblem of Ambition. It was eſteemed ſacred to Jupiter, among the heathens, as being ſet to carry his thunder; and was always repreſented as one of the ſymbols of that god.

APPLICATION.

In the Emblem before us we have an apt repreſentation of Ambition, which, in ſpite of all its towering, muſt ſtill be confined to limits; a circumſtance perfectly againſts its nature, and which never fails of adminiſtering cauſe of anxiety to its poſſeſſor.

Can

Can there be more ſtriking inſtances of this truth, than thoſe which are exhibited to us in the perſon of Alexander, ſurnamed the *Great*, ſon of Philip, King of Macedon? —This prince was contented to renounce his father, and travel over burning deſarts, to get himſelf acknowledged the ſon of the god Jupiter.—The ſame prince, having over-run Perſia and India, and moſt of thoſe parts, known to the Greeks, wept, becauſe he ſuppoſed there was no more to conquer. Ridiculous madneſs! inſatiable ambition! this ſon of the great Jove died of a ſurfeit at Babylon, in the bloom of his years; and, being too proud to admit that any one deſerved to ſucceeded him, he left his empire to be divided and torn with inteſtine broils, which, in a courſe of years, occaſioned its becoming a prey to the Romans, who led the laſt King of Macedonia in triumph through the ſtreets of Rome, and at length ſtarved him to death in a dungeon.

Such are the fruits of Ambition! It was the firſt, and continues to be one of the greateſt of follies—for, *by that ſin fell the angels*; how can man then ever hope to be a gainer by it?

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXIX.

Of the Reward of Vice.

LO, here the nymph, by her own father's doom,
Condemn'd alive to periſh in her tomb,
Becauſe ſhe yielded to a flatt'ring tale,
And over her Virtue let her love prevail;
Her groans no pity from a parent claim,
She ſinks, at once bereft of life and fame.

MORAL.

Thoſe who quit Virtue, Heaven itſelf forſakes,
And of their ſuff'rings no compaſſion takes;
Whom Heaven forſakes, muſt ſeek relief in vain,
From their own parents and their kindred train:
Shunn'd like a thing accurs'd, in duſt they fall,
The dread of many, and the ſcorn of all.

LEUCOTHÖE was the daughter of Orchamus, King of Perſia. With her the god Apollo is ſaid to have been in love. She was not virtuous or prudent enough to reſiſt his ſolicitations, and they carried on a correſpondence together, which they thought to be private; but this being diſcovered by one of Apollo's old favourites, the king, her father, was ſoon made acquainted with it. Being a haughty prince, he could not endure the diſgrace which was put on his family by this accident; and therefore, notwithſtanding all his daughter's prayers and tears, he commanded her to be buried alive. This terrible ſentence was accordingly executed, without her receiving any relief from her lover. However, after her death, the fable ſays, Apollo, whoſe aid was too late to ſave her, cauſed the Frankincenſe Tree, which weeps perpetually, to ſpring out of her grave.

APPLICATION.

THERE is a fine contraſt between Daphne's ſtory, and this of Leucothöe: the former eluded the ſnares of Vice, and perſevering in defence of her Virtue, was beloved and honoured in her end; but the latter, yielding

yielding to unlawful ſolicitations, periſhes miſerably, neglected and deſpiſed by all, at the expreſs command of her father, without having received the aid ſhe might have expected from her lover, who appears, but too late to ſave her, and only pays a ſort of mournful tribute to her memory.

If we deſire to be had in eſtimation by others, or aſſiſted by them in time of diſtreſs, we muſt firſt learn what is due to ourſelves, and act up to the dignity of our own nature, by not being defiled with Vice; and ſo rendering ourſelves unworthy of ſupport and aſſiſtance.

Finally, if we expect or deſire that Heaven ſhould not forſake us, we ſhould not forſake Heaven; and, if we ſhudder at the puniſhment of an offender, we ſhould learn betimes to avoid the crimes which occaſioned it.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXX.

Of Brutality.

THE grov'ling beaſt, whoſe ſavage ſtrength deſtroys
The flow'ry garden that the ſwain enjoys;
Shews, that when in his beaſtly paſtime ſlain,
His death alone can be his maſter's gain.

MORAL.

The wicked, ſelfiſh man, who gripes the poor,
And rates the injured orphan from his door,
Like the baſe Swine, his neighbour's peace deſtroys,
And all his pow'r in evil ſtill employs.
When all his riches he has left behind,
Dying, alone, he benefits mankind.

THE

THE Hog is of all beaſts, the moſt ſavage and untractable; it is ſwayed by nothing but a ſavage fierceneſs, and a ſtupid Gluttony. Of moſt other creatures made for the uſe of man, ſome profit may be gained in their life. *This* in its death alone is uſeful; and then it is more profitable than any animal of its own dimenſions.

When boars run wild in the woods, they are the moſt dreadful of all beaſts; firſt, becauſe of their great fierceneſs; and, ſecondly, on account of their ſtupidity, which is ſo great, that it makes them diſregard their ſafety, and ruſh on their own certain deſtruction, in order to accompliſh that of thoſe whom they engage with.—In ſhort, it is become ſuch a proverb, by which to expreſs *Obſtinacy*, *Gluttony*, and many evil qualities, that to be ſaid to reſemble a Swine, is the worſt compariſon a man can be ſubject to.

APPLICATION.

NATURE ſeems to have ſet us examples of good and evil qualities even among the *brute creation*. Thus, the Lamb for Innocence; the Horſe for Courage; the Ox for Patience; the Serpent for Deceit; and the Swine

Swine, in the Emblem before us, for Fierceneſs and Senſuality.

It is a melancholly conſideration, that ſome men ſeem to have taken pattern by this groveling beaſt, as they lead a life of *Gluttony*, and *Drunkenneſs*, are entirely wrapt up in *Self-Love*, and loſt to every thought of *Charity* and *Good-will* to their neighbours.

Such men, indeed, can do no other good to the world, but by their deaths; when, if they have any riches, they may, perhaps, leave them to others, who will make a better uſe of thoſe gifts than they have done.

Therefore, if you would have men wiſh you life and proſperity, live in ſuch a manner as to be ſerviceable to ſociety; for, depend upon it, if you copy the manners of the Swine, you will ſhare the ſame fate; that none will be ſorry for your misfortune or your death, while they can reap nothing but injury from your life and proſperity.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXXI.

Of Precipitation.

WHAT means that raſh and heedleſs charioteer,
Down the ſteep rock to urge his mad career?
Sees he not round him various dangers grow,
High cliffs above, and yawning deeps below?
Yet down the dreary, dreadful path he hies,
Madly meets ruin, and deſpairing dies.

MORAL.

So ſome wild youth to Paſſion gives the rein,
And buys ſhort Pleaſures with an age of Pain;
For him Deſtruction ſpreads the fatal ſnare,
He ſinks in gulphs of mis'ry and deſpair.

THIS

THIS Emblem has formerly been adopted by Plato, the Greek philoſopher. He uſed to ſay, that the ſoul or reaſon of man repreſented a Charioteer, and his paſſions wild horſes, which it was his buſineſs to reſtrain, leſt they ſhould hurry him on to ruin and deſtruction.

Certainly it is but a ſad conſideration, that ſome men ſhould not have ſo much government over themſelves, as by habit they acquire over their beaſts—theſe are ſeen generally to turn, to ſtand ſtill, to proceed this way or that, or to ſtop in the midſt of their career, as the driver would have them; and, if he be a ſkilful man, it is ſeldom that we have an inſtance of his falling in governing them.

But how many inſtances have we of mens paſſions not ſubmitting to the government of their reaſon? A ſad example of peoples neglecting great matters to attend to ſmall ones, who think it leſs worth their while to mind the management of themſelves, than that of their horſes.

APPLICATION.

IF you would ever wiſh to enjoy peace here or hereafter, you muſt learn that great

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and uſeful leſſon, to controul your Paſſions; —like *fire* and *water*, they are good ſervants, but terrible maſters; if you do not learn early to command them, they will certainly command you; and, in the end, lead to inevitable deſtruction.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXXII.

Of the Changes of Human Affairs.

THE beauteous Moon renews her faded light,
Not with her own, but borrow'd luſtre bright:
Uncertain Planet! whoſe great *changes* ſhow,
Th' unſtable ſtate of all things here below:
Tho' now but half her radiant form ſhe ſhows,
Her waxing luſtre every moment grows;
Till to the Sun her glowing face ſhe turns,
Drinks all his beams, and in full glory burns.

MORAL.

Thus all things change with Time's revolving round,
And nothing permanent on earth is found;
Tho' now but half thy wiſhes thou can'ſt ſhare,
Succeeding times thy fortune may repair.
But whate'er chance on thy concerns await,
Scorn to do ill, in order to be great;
The meed of Virtue is as fixt as fate.

The Moon, though a beautiful and uſeful Planet, receives all her light from the Sun, and is but as a mirrour or looking-glaſs to reflect his beams—yet ſhe gives us light in his abſence; rules the ebbing and flowing of the tides; and is particularly attended to by phyſicians in the treatment of their patients.

Her periods of Change in the Month, are divided into Four. The *firſt quarter*, when ſhe ſhews but half her face, in the increaſe—The *full*, when ſhe is entirely enlightened—The *laſt quarter*, when only half her face is again to be ſeen, in the decreaſe—And the *New Moon* begins immediately after her being entirely darkened.—All theſe are occaſioned by her poſition with regard to the Sun; the more of his beams ſhe receives, the more light ſhe is in a condition of giving; and it is, conſequently, when ſhe turns her whole face exactly oppoſite to him, that ſhe is ſaid to be at the Full, and reflects the ſtrongeſt luſtre.

In the Emblem ſhe appears as juſt before ſhe enters the Firſt quarter; at which time, though ſhe does not impart half the light of the Full Moon, yet ſhe gives ſigns of her increaſe; from whence we may conclude, that we ſhall ſoon ſee her in her greateſt glory.

APPLICATION.

THE Moon has ever been reckoned a ſymbol

ſymbol of *inconſtancy*, from her *perpetual* changes; yet theſe are ſuch as God and Nature have appointed for her; and her various courſe is, doubtleſs, as neceſſary for the Univerſe, as the conſtancy of the moſt ſteady fixed ſtar we can obſerve, or any other principle in Nature.

Why then may we not conclude the ſame of Fate, whoſe partiality we are ſo ready to accuſe, when it does not favour us?—But who was ever heard to accuſe fate for the good dealt to him, though, for aught he knew, many worthy people might be the worſe for it?

On this Emblem we may found a ſyſtem of rational philoſophy, ſince it teaches thoſe who poſſeſs much, not to be too proud of what they may ſoon be deprived of: it comforts thoſe who have but little, that a day *may* come, when their ſorrows ſhall have an end; and if not ſo, that Time certainly muſt by its Revolution, bring them eaſe, and change their condition and life together.

Deſpond not, therefore, though thou art not arrived to the poſſeſſion of thy wiſhes—think on theſe Morals, and be wiſe—above all things, ſtick to Virtue, for that will be found unchangeable, and will certainly carry its reward with it, either here or hereafter.

EMBLEM XXXIII.

Of the Snares of Vice.

AH! ſee you yonder Bird, devoid of care,
Which ſang and flutter'd near the Fowler's ſnare!
Too ſoon, alas! her ſtate ſhe will deplore,
Doom'd to a loneſome cage, to mount no more;
But plaintive notes, impriſon'd ſtill to try,
And wiſh in vain for *native liberty*.

MORAL.

Beware of Vice, whoſe empire will controul,
The *native freedom* of a gen'rous ſoul;
Avoid her ſnares, where certain miſchiefs wait,
Nor ruſh, unthinking, on deſtructive fate.

BEHOL

BEHOLD the ſilly Bird ſtruggling in the Snare which the artful Fowler has contrived for its deſtruction.—Too late the poor flutterer finds its fatal error, too late repents its raſhneſs, when confined in a wiry priſon, and obliged to pour its complaints in ſolitude; fit Emblem of a man, who, by his Vice or Follies, has forfeited that chief of all bleſſings, Heaven-born Liberty.

A celebrated Engliſh traveller in France, mentions a very peculiar ſtory of a Bird in a Cage, which (juſt at the time when he was reflecting on the nature of Confinement) ſuddenly cried, "I can't get out."—This ſo ſtruck him, that it at once convinced him of the bleſſing of Liberty, which he was now diſpoſed to give the poor Bird alſo, which ſtill continued its note; and as the gentleman was complaining, that he could not open the cage, the Starling ſtill cried, "No, I can't get out," which ſtill more confirmed him in his love of Native Freedom.

APPLICATION.

LIBERTY is, indeed, one of the moſt valuable bleſſings in the world; and Life itſelf

is of little worth without it. For this, wiſe men have argued, heroes have died, and left the glorious prize to poſterity.

Yet, after all, it is in vain for any one to ſuppoſe himſelf Free, who is not alſo *Virtuous*; when once we give way to our paſſions, like the Bird in the Emblem, we are caught in the fatal ſnare which muſt entangle us, and deprive us of our *Real Liberty*.

The ſlaves of *Vice* and *Paſſion* can never be deemed *Free*; and a *Slave* he ever will be, who ſuffers his own bad inclination to get the better of him.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXXIV.

Of Paſſion.

BEHOLD the furious beaſt, more fierce he grows,
When the clear ſtream his proper image ſhews?
Nor for his own the hideous figure knows.

MORAL.

So could we ſee how Paſſion's dreadful ſtorm,
And madding Fury all our ſouls deform;
Eraſe God's image planted in our breaſt,
And change the *Man* into a *ſavage beaſt*;
Ourſelves we ſhould abhor, the ſhape diſown,
And hate the fiend that put *our* likeneſs on.

THE Lion, the Bull, and other fierce creatures are particularly enraged at viewing their own ſhape in water, or a glaſs; it is a circumſtance which doubles their Fury, ſince they there behold a diſtorted figure, which inſtinct impells them to war upon.

To theſe animals it is not given to know, that the ſhape they are ſo much offended with, is their own: they are not ſenſible that their own *Rage* makes them ſuch frightful figures; they take the hateful image for another fierce creature, and immediately commence a fight with it.

Heaven not having beſtowed on the Lion and the Bull, the ſacred gift of Reaſon, their miſtake is natural, as their fury is excuſable. In both theſe points, they act juſt as they were ordained, and fill up that neceſſary part of the creation, which, for wiſe ends, they were created to occupy: Man alone is blameable when he runs counter to *Reaſon*, and reduces himſelf to the ſituation of the ſavage animal, whoſe *Fury* and *evil qualities* he is abſurd enough to imitate.

APPLICATION.

The is not a fiercer fiend than *Anger*, when indulged, nor a Paſſion, ſo deteſtable

in

in the ſight both of God and Man—It leads to all manner of Evil; its way is in Wickedneſs, and to thoſe who encourage it, its end muſt be certain deſtruction.

The diſtinction of father, mother, brother, ſiſter, friend, and every tender tie of humanity, are loſt when it rages; and it tempts men to commit in a moment, ſuch enormities, that an age of repentance is not ſufficient to attone for.

It is a ſhort *Madneſs*, whoſe effects are equally terrible in thoſe who indulge it, as in thoſe who are the objects of its rage; it has often led to *real Madneſs*, to *Ruin*, and to *Death*; and he who gives way to it can no more anſwer for his actions, than if he were Drunk, or Lunatic, or poſſeſſed with an Evil Spirit, at the time he is angry and enraged.

In fine, *Anger* is a *Vice* of ſuch a caſt, that it debaſes God's image, which is ſtamped upon our nature, making us rather reſemble Dæmons than Human Creatures; if paſſionate men could have a juſt and full view of themſelves, in all their deformity, both of ſoul and body, they muſt hate themſelves; and, like the Lion in the Emblem, make War with their own Image; than which nothing in Nature can be more hideous and deteſtable.

EMBLEM XXXV.

Of Chaſtity.

DAPHNE, the faireſt of the woodland train,
Apollo long had woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
At length the God ſurpriz'd her in the ſhade,
And ſtrove to gain with promis'd gifts, the Maid;
Her, ſtill reſiſting, o'er the plains he chac'd;
But when he thought the Nymph to have embrac'd,
Inſtead of Daphne, bright in blooming charms,
Surpriz'd, he claſp'd a Laurel in his arms.
The Tree belov'd, ſtill bears his honour'd name,
Emblem of Conqueſt, and of deathleſs Fame.

MORAL.

Avoid *Temptation*, tho' the *gilded bait*
Be deck'd with all the pomp of *guilty ſtate*;
Nor with the *Tempter* ſtrive to try your might:—
Retire betimes;—your Conqueſt is in flight.

DAPHNE,

DAPHNE, fabled to be the daughter of the River God, Peneus, was ſo beautiful, that Apollo, or Phœbus, the God of Day, was ſmitten with her, and made her many offers if ſhe would conſent to his ſuit; but ſhe ſtill reſiſting, he ſtrove at laſt to accompliſh by force, that which was denied to his requeſt. But Daphne, finding his purpoſe, ſought her ſecurity in flight. Apollo followed with a ſwiftneſs not to be matched by mortals, and was juſt upon the point of overtaking her; when, in the midſt of her diſtreſs, ſhe prayed moſt earneſtly, that ſhe might be enabled to preſerve her Chaſtity—Her prayer was heard, and at the inſtant her purſuer came up with her, he found her changed into a Laurel.

Apollo, though diſappointed of his *purpoſe*, could not but admire her *conſtancy*; he therefore pronounced the Tree his own, and conſecrated it as ſacred to the reward of virtuous actions.—The Laurel has ever ſince been eſteemed an Emblem of excellency, either in arms or arts, to thoſe who were crowned with it; And what was once Apollo's *love*, has always been conſidered as his *Tree*—So far the ancient fable.

APPLICATION.

THE application is plain and ſtriking. Nothing

Nothing ought to be held ſo dear as our Innocence; and, in ſome caſes, we ſhould be content to part even with our own being itſelf, to preſerve it.

Daphne fled from Apollo: ſhe loſt her *Life*, but ſhe preſerved her *Honour*. Her fair fame ſurvived her mortal body, and ſhe remained a monument of *Virtue* to poſterity.

She challenged reſpect even from him who was moſt diſappointed; and, at the very time he found himſelf foiled, he bore teſtimony to her *Honour* and rewarded her generous *Conſtancy*.

Even they who ſeek to draw us into the ſnares of *Vice*, cannot help ſecretly applauding us, when they ſee, that in ſpite of all their arts we ſtill proceed in the paths of *Virtue*. The harder the trial, the greater will be the reward of thoſe who perſevere.

But above all things, it is neceſſary for us to fly from Temptation. There are none who ſtand ſo ſtrong, but that it is poſſible they may fall; how unwiſe then is it for us to approach to the brink of a precipice, merely to try whether he can bear to look down from it with a ſteady eye! Thoſe who ſeek a danger they may ſhun, deſerve the conſequences of their folly, when they meet it, and muſt fall unpitied, if the evil is of their own ſeeking.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXXVI.

Of the Vanity of Pleaſures.

BEHOLD the beauty of yon Damaſk Roſe,
Joy of the eye, in gaudy pride it blows;
The ſetting ſun ſhall ſee its bloom decay,
And all its boaſted beauties fade away:
The envious Thorns its fragrant leaves ſurround,
Protect the bloſſom, and th' unwary wound.
Pleaſure muſt coſt too dear when bought with pain:
The Roſe ſhall wither, when the Thorns remain.

MORAL.

With cautious hand pluck the vain flow'r of *joy*,
Leſt *hidden evil* ſhould your ſoul annoy.

THE

THE Roſe, the pride of the garden, is ſurrounded with ſharp prickles; and he who is too eager to pluck the *former* ſtands a chance of being injured by the *latter*.

Yet after all, when the Flower is obtained in a few ſhort hours it muſt wither and die; its beauty is loſt, and it is deſpiſed and rejected by thoſe who prized it before. The Thorns will remain, even when the Roſe is withered, and their ſharpneſs ends only with their exiſtence: be cautious then, how you pluck the Flower, and forget not the Thorn which guards it.

APPLICATION.

EVEN ſuch, ſo tranſient, are the joys of life, which ſeem ſo inviting, and court us, as it were, to taſte them: they quickly wither and die, but are ſurrounded with Thorns, whoſe ſmart is too often felt long after the ſenſe of the pleaſure is loſt and extinguiſhed.

Yet neither Virtue nor Prudence declare againſt the moderate enjoyment of the pleaſures of life; but we are admoniſhed not to be too eager in our purſuit of them, leſt we injure our health, our fortune, our reputation, or, which is ſtill worſe, our Virtue.

The

The difference between a moderate man, and one who purſues after pleaſure to an extreme, is thus beautifully deſcribed by the poet; where he ſays, that

—Eager *this* its objects would devour;
That taſte the Honey but not wound the Flow'r.

Learn then to ſet no more than a due value on the things of this world; but not over haſty to gain them; and when you poſſeſs them, be moderate in your enjoyment; ſo ſhall you be gratified with the beauty of the Roſe, without wounding yourſelf whith its Thorns; ſo ſhall you enjoy the Honey of Pleaſure, while you avoid the Sting and Venom of Remorſe.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXXVII.

Of the Improvement of Life.

TIME's an hands-breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a veſſel under ſail;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight;
Mocking the purſuing ſight;
'Tis a ſhort-liv'd fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a ſhower;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid ſtream;
'Tis a ſhadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the cloſing watch of night,
Dying at the riſing light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a ſigh;—
Be prepar'd, O Man to die.

TIME

TIME is the great deſtroyer of all things. There is nothing in this world, which muſt not, ſooner or later, ſubmit to his ſtroke; none ſtrong enough to reſiſt, ſo cunning as to evade, his power.

Yet this great *deſtroyer* ſteals on us, as it were, unperceived: *days*, *months*, and *years*, roll on, while we content ourſelves with ſaying "Time paſſes," without conſidering, that *our* time alſo paſſes with it, and that every *moment* brings us nearer to Eternity.

How much more praiſe-worthy would it be to mark each day of our exiſtence with ſome act of Religion or Virtue, the remembrance of which might live when we ourſelves are departed, and make our memory dear to the good, and our deeds approved by Heaven.

Titus Veſpaſian, Emperor of Rome, (tho' a heathen) was a man of ſo good a diſpoſition, that recollecting one night as he ſat at ſupper, he had not done one good action that day, cried out "Friends I have loſt a day." This prince was ſurnamed by his people, *The Delight of Mankind.* Happy are they who know ſo well the value of Time, and make ſo good an uſe of it.

APPLI-

APPLICATION.

How many are there amongſt us, who are for ever exclaiming againſt the ſhortneſs of life, and yet are not aſhamed, with the ſame breadth, to complain, that their Time hangs heavy on their hands, and that they know not how to employ it?

But what an idle complaint is this, when we conſider, that there cannot be any perſon, in whatſoever ſtation of life, who has not an opportunity of ſpending his days in the exerciſe of ſomething that is inſtructive or uſeful to himſelf or others!—*Go to the Ant, thou ſluggard! Conſider her ways, and be wiſe!*

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXXVIII.

Of Induſtry.

WITH what hard toil, with what unceaſing cares,
The Woodpecker his ſcanty meat prepares:
Tho' ſmall the feaſt that muſt reward his pains,
Sweet is that meal which honeſt Labour gains.

MORAL.

Be *frugal*, be *induſtrious*, if you're wiſe,
The road to *plenty* through theſe maxims lies.
The *idle* to ill ſtars aſcribe their ſtate,
But *Fools make Fortune*, and deſerve their Fate.

THE

THE Woodpecker is a ſmall bird, with ſhort legs, long bill, a tongue ſharp like a horn, and fortified with ſeveral little points. With this it makes holes in the branches of trees, and then utters a cry not unlike a whiſtle, the intent of which is to diſturb inſects that may harbour in the wood; which, when put into commotion, it eaſily catches and devours.

So much pains doth this bird take to come at a few minute reptiles, which Nature ordains for its prey; on which alone, inconſiderable as they ſeem, it is deſtined to ſubſiſt.

A pattern of *Induſtry*, and an example of *Perſeverance*, which man need not be aſhamed to copy; as the *Idle* may learn an uſeful leſſon from the labours of this little animal.

APPLICATION.

As *Idleneſs* is the root of *Miſchief*, ſo is an honeſt *Induſtry* the ſource of the moſt laudable and ingenious undertakings.

It is to this principle chiefly that we owe thoſe arts and manufactures which at this day flouriſh amongſt us, and which add to the convenience and grandeur of the great, while they maintain numbers of the lower claſs of people, who without them muſt be reduced to a ſtarving condition, or have recourſe to begging, in order to procure a ſubſiſtance.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XXXIX.

Of Evil, and its Puniſhment.

WHILE the ſweet Bird chaunts forth its tuneful lays,
Her warbling throat the hidden neſt betrays;
Eager to ſeize it haſtes the thoughtleſs boy,
And all the mother's comfort to deſtroy;
When lo! the faithleſs branch in pieces broke,
His limbs are ſhatter'd with the dreadful ſtroke.

MORAL.

So, when we ſeek ſome dear-priz'd joy to gain,
And buy *our* Pleaſure with *another's* Pain;
Our ſlipp'ry ſteps to evil are betray'd,
We fall unpitied in the ſnare we made.

THE

THE ſweet warbler of the grove chears the ſilent plains with her melodious ſong; —and anſwering woods repeat the harmonious trillings of her voice; when lo! the wanton boy draws near; he liſtens a while, and ſoon diſcovers whence it comes. Eager for the prize, he haſtens to rob the mother bird of her neſt; but as he climbs the lofty tree, the bough gives way and throws him on the ground. He mourns his fall with tears, and is at once diſabled and diſcouraged from his enterprize.

APPLICATION.

They who ſeek their own good at the expence of that of others, often meet with a bitter diſappointment, and lament too late the evils which themſelves have occaſioned.

If every man would do to others, as he would wiſh to be done by, Evil would be baniſhed from the world; Peace and Righteouſneſs would flouriſh; Man would draw nearer to the Divine Nature; and Earth would be a repreſentation of Heaven.

But while people will follow their own evil inclinations, they have no right to complain of the ills they ſuſtain; ſince, as Virtue makes Happineſs, Vice, muſt, at one time or another, end in Miſery.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XL.

Of Pride.

BEHOLD the ſilly bird, how proudly vain
Of the bright colours of his gaudy train?
Ev'n to a proverb grown his idle pride,
By outward ſhew alone in worth ſupply'd;
For no harmonious ſound, no chearful note,
Muſt ever iſſue from that hideous throat;
Nor of the Hundred Eyes that grace his tail,
Can one for ſight, or real uſe avail.

MORAL.

O ſon of Vanity! be wiſe in time!
Apply the Moral of this homely rhyme;
To *real worth* alone ſhould praiſe be given,
And *real worth* inherits it from Heaven.

JUNO

JUNO, ſays the fable, having ſet Argus, who had an hundred eyes, to guard and torment the damſel Iö, who was transformed into a young heifer, Hermes (or Mercury) commiſſioned by Jupiter, deſcended from Heaven to deliver her.

He found Argus buſily employed about his charge; but ſitting down by him, began to tell him ſtories; by virtue of which, and of his charming rod, he at length lulled all his hundred eyes to ſleep; which being done he ſlew him, by cutting off his head.—On which Juno took the eyes of her ſervant, and placed them in the tail of the Peacock, a bird eſteemed ſacred to her, who was, in a great meaſure, the Goddeſs of Pride and Splendour.—So far Ovid.—As to the Peacock, it is a bird known to moſt countries for its fine plumage, which, indeed, ſeems to be all it has to boaſt of; for as to its voice, it is a moſt frightful one; and the fleſh of it, though a rarity, is generally ſaid to have no very delicate flavour. The pride this bird takes in its plumage, and the ill tone of its voice, are both become equally proverbs; and it is worth while to obſerve, that the former circumſtance has ſerved to make the latter more remarkable.

APPLICATION.

LIKE the proud Peacock, is the ſon of Vanity—and ſurely it is more ridiculous in a rational creature to indulge this pride, than in an unreaſoning animal.

But what is the vain-glorious man proud of?—his dreſs?—ſurely the Peacock has more reaſon to be proud of what Nature gave her, than man of that covering, for which, at beſt, he is obliged to the brutes, or to the vegetable creation.

Is it of the beauties of his perſon any one is vain? Let him conſider how ſhortly ſickneſs or accident may, and how certainly old age *muſt*, if he attains it, deprive him of thoſe. Let him conſider, likewiſe, at beſt, how worthleſs they are, without the Beauties of the Mind.

EMBLEM XLI.

Of Applauſe.

'FAME! that ſtrange pow'r, which ev'ry moment grows,
'And gathers ſtrength and vigour as ſhe goes,
'Firſt ſmall with fear, ſhe ſwells to wond'rous ſize,
'And ſtalks on earth, or tow'rs above the ſkies;
'Beneath her various plumes ſhe ever bears,
'A thouſand piercing eyes and liſt'ning ears,
'And with a thouſand mouths and babbling tongues appears.'

MORAL.

Lo! to this Goddeſs ev'ry mortal bends,
And ſtill from pole to pole her tyrant race extends.
Wiſdom and Virtue will for ever claim,
The deathleſs honours of an honeſt fame:
Where theſe are wanting, weak is he, who draws,
His fund of glory from a *vain applauſe.*

FAME,

FAME, as repreſented in the Emblem, was one of the deities of the ancients, who deſcribed her as a monſtrous figure, and reported her to be the daughter of the giant Enceladus, who warred with Jupiter. They ſay, Terra, or the Earth, being angry with the gods for having deſtroyed her offspring, brought forth this laſt of monſters, which ſhe ſent into the world to publiſh their Vices.

Thus far the fable.—Of this fictious being the poets have given the moſt lofty and extraordinary deſcriptions—

——Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd,
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found:
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune reigns,
And, undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains.

But it needs not be wondered at, that the heathens, whoſe ſupreme, Jupiter, was defective, ſhould ſuppoſe all the ſubſervient deities to be imperfect.

APPLICATION.

THE *Love of Fame* is juſtly ſtiled the *Univerſal Paſſion*—All men ſeem poſſeſſed

of it;—but, in their purſuit of Applauſe, as in that of Happineſs, it falls out, that various people take different roads to attain it.

In the deſire itſelf there is certainly nothing amiſs; it is implanted in our nature as an incentive to Virtue, and, doubtleſs, to this we owe many of the beſt and greateſt actions which have been performed;—if it were taken away, the world would become worſe than it is, as the force of example, in the cauſe of Virtue, would be far leſs prevalent.

But, as there is an exceſs, and likewiſe a perverſion of all things, ſo it is in regard to Fame: men often miſtake glaring characters for *virtuous* ones; and hence has aroſe the falſe glory which has been too often attributed to the deſtroyers of mankind. This is the perverſion of Fame.—An exceſs in courting her favours is alſo an abuſe too frequent.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XLII.

Of Oppreſſion.

FROM airy heights the rav'nous bird ſurvey
With matchleſs ſwiftneſs darting on her prey:
The helpleſs ſtruggling victim ſtrives in vain,
From ſuch a foe, its freedom to regain;
Proudly ſecure, ſhe ſkims the ſkies along,
And haſtens home to feed her hungry young;
But when the wily Serpent's ſtrength ſhe tries,
And ſtrives to bear aloft her ſcaly prize,
At once the victor, with the vanquiſh'd, dies.

MORAL.

Beware of Vice with lawleſs might combin'd;
All ills are eaſy to a wicked mind:
But if an uſeful leſſon you will prove,
Be *wiſe* as Serpents, *harmleſs* as the Dove.

THE Eagle, as we have already obſerved, is one of the ſtrongeſt of the feathered kind: —it is likewiſe the moſt voracious.—It has been reported of the Lion, that he will not prey upon carcaſes; but the contrary is true of the Eagle, which, notwithſtanding, is no leſs fierce in its attacks upon living animals —Birds, Beaſts, and even Serpents, are its prey; and if the Dove often falls a victim to this feathered tyrant, the Hare, with all its ſwiftneſs, cannot always eſcape it pounces: ſtooping, as it were from the clouds, the deſtroyer ſeizes on the timorous creature, and carries her off with incredible ſwiftneſs.——But when the Eagle and the Serpent meet, the combat is long and doubtful; for, though borne through the air by a force ſuperior to his own, the wily reptile, ſtruggling, curls his angry ſpires, and often, even in that ſituation, mortally wounds his conqueror; ſo that he either eſcapes, or both fall down dead together. Thus his cunning ſerves either to deliver or revenge him; while the poor innocent Hare falls an eaſy victim to the great oppreſſor.

APPLICATION.

APPLICATION.

It is thus that unſuſpecting innocence is often loſt and ruined: it is thus that guilty greatneſs triumphs in deſtruction. Virtue alone cannot always be ſafe from the danger of Slander or Oppreſſion.—Caution is therefore a good companion, and a neceſſary guard to keep us from the force or fraud of arbitrary or deſigning men.

It is a great miſtake of thoſe who ſuppoſe Prudence to be incompatible with Goodneſs.—A low and vicious cunning may indeed juſtly be deemed ſo; but ſome of the moſt virtuous characters that have graced humanity, have alſo been the moſt remarkable for Wiſdom, which has been conſpicuous in all their conduct, even to the end of their days, and tranſmitted in their writings to poſterity.

EMBLEM XLIII.

Of Self-Love.

THE ſelf-enamour'd fair Narciſſus oft retires,
When the warm ſun darts forth meridian fires,
To the clear fountain, there enraptur'd lies,
In vain to catch the fleeting ſhadow tries,
And ſmit with hopeleſs love, deſparing dies.
The Theban nymphs a ruſtic tomb prepare,
Rend their fair garments, tear their golden hair:
But to a Flow'r transform'd, the corpſe remains,
Which ſtill his name and memory ſuſtains.

MORAL.

The *ſelf-admiring* Youth, whoſe weaker mind
Is ſtill to childleſs *vanity* inclin'd,
Will find too late, by the vain ſhew betray'd,
He courts indeed, *the ſhadow of a ſhade.*

NAR-

NARCISSUS (according to Ovid) was a beautiful youth, who delighted in hunting, and was beloved by Eccho, then a nymph. However, he equally ſlighted her and all his admirers; at length, viewing his own face in a fountain, he fell in love with himſelf, and conſtantly reſorted to the ſtream to court his own ſhadow.

But when he perceived the beautiful form retire as often as he withdrew, and mock his purſuit when he ſtretched out his arms to embrace it, he fell into the greateſt agonies of paſſion, and with vain prayers invoked the inſubſtantial form.

Though convinced at laſt of his miſtake, and aſſured that the figure he ſaw was only the reflection of himſelf, yet he could not conquer his unhappy paſſion, but ſtill continued to pine with a prepoſterous love of his own perſon.—Thus his form waſted, his beauty decayed, and the breath of life at laſt forſook him; but when his body was ſought for to be interred, in its ſtead they found a flower, which ſtill retains his name, and perpetuates his memory.

APPLICATION.

THERE is not a greater Vanity or Folly than that of *Self-admiration*; he who inclines to it will court a vain ſhadow, and will ever, like the Youth in the fable, find himſelf diſappointed.

But it happens to too many perſons of weak minds, as it did to Narciſſus, that they ſuffer themſelves to be led away by ſuch vanities, before they know that they are poſſeſſed by them, and are far gone in the intoxication of *Self-Love* before they are aware of it. The ill habit, ſtrengthened by cuſtom, thus grows too powerful for their reaſon; and the conſequence is, that they often become the authors of their own misfortunes, only by loving themſelves too well; and thus may be ſaid, like Narciſſus in the fable, to fall victims to their *Self-admiration*.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XLIV.

Of the Danger of Greatneſs.

WITH dreadful force the lofty Tree of Jove,
Is ſtruck and rent by Lightning, from above:
Moſſy and old its ſhiver'd trunk appears,
The growth of ages, yet unhurt by years;
Long had it flouriſh'd, and with ſtately pride
The utmoſt force of fighting winds defy'd:
But yet in duſt its honours ſtretch'd at laſt,
In dreadful ruin by th' æthereal blaſt:
While the low Shrub, in far more humble ſtate,
Unknown to Greatneſs, ſtands ſecure from Fate.

MORAL.

Would you *ſecurity* and *peace* obtain,
Contented in a *private ſtate* remain.

THE Oak is one of the ſtrongeſt trees of the foreſt. It has been ſaid to be a whole century in growing; to continue a century in perfection; and to be a century more in decaying.—However this account may be exaggerated, yet it is certain that it flouriſhes a long time; of which we have many inſtances in this land—This tree is generally found to reſiſt the greateſt tempeſts; except when, as in the Emblem, it is ſtruck by Lightning, which ſometimes cleaves it to the ground.

The Oak was eſteemed ſacred among the Romans.—It ſtood at Cæſar's gate, together with the Laurel, which was held in high veneration; and they even pretended to have had ſome which delivered oracles.—The Ancient Britons, the firſt inhabitants of theſe Iſlands, alſo held it ſacred, as they did the Miſletoe, and ſome of their Druids or Prieſts, are ſaid to have delivered their lectures on the religion of their country, from the ſpreading branches of this lofty tree.

APPLICATION.

APPLICATION.

THIS Emblem is well adapted to repreſent the *Dangers* generally inſeparable from *Greatneſs*, and the ſecurity of a private and obſcure ſtation. To be *Great*, is to be ſet as a mark for all the ſhafts of misfortune, to be expoſed to all the ſtorms of adverſe *Fate*, which generally delights in ſporting with perſons in exalted ſtations. Content dwells not with power, neither is Security the child of wealth and honours. If thou wouldſt taſte the ſerene joys of life, fly far from *Greatneſs*, and make thy abode with the daughter of *Simplicity*.

EMBLEM XLV.

Of Heavenly Love.

THE tender Pelican with ceaſeleſs cares,
Protects her young ones, and their food prepares;
From her own breaſt the nouriſhment proceeds,
With which, as with her blood, her brood ſhe feeds;
Emblem of Heaven's ſurpernal graces known,
And parents' love to deareſt children ſhewn.

MORAL.

To God above, and to your friends below,
Still let your breaſt with *zeal* and *duty* glow;
Much to your *Parents*, *more* to *Heaven*, you owe.

THE

THE Pelican is a bird known to moſt people. It has given riſe to many ſtrange ſtories, the principal of which is, that of feeding its young with its blood; which, upon examination, has not proved true. But it has a bag, or pouch, in which it puts proviſion to ſupply their wants; doubtleſs, the manner of the female's taking it from that repoſitory, appeared, to the firſt obſervers of it, as if ſhe had made an opening in her breaſt, and nouriſhed them with her blood; from whence it has been made a ſymbol of Chriſtianity.

APPLICATION.

In this Emblem is expreſſed the ſtate of dependence we are in, on the one hand, and the great goodneſs of God on the other, who ſent his only Son to be a propitiation for our ſins, who, as it were, nouriſhed us with his blood, and *by whoſe ſtripes we are healed.*——The Pelican, indeed, if ſhe had granted this ſupply from her own vitals, would have done it only to her brood; but the great author of our ſalvation did this for wicked offenders; he died even for his greateſt enemies; and bore our ſins to be made righteouſneſs for us, that we might proceed from grace to grace, till at laſt we were made heirs of his glorious inheritance.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XLVI.

Of False Appearances.

SEE the gay Tulip, dipp'd in various dyes,
Blooms in full pride beneath the vernal skies;
But when the wintry clouds deform the year,
How faded will that beautious form appear!
Not so the Myrtle, deck'd in chearful green,
The humble plant among the flowers is seen;
What tho' it boast no varied colours bright,
That drink Sol's radiance, or reflect his light;
Yet *ever green*, and fragrant it remains,
Nor change of seasons, nor of time sustains.

MORAL.

Emblem of real worth, whose gloomiest hour,
Transcends the blaze of *pomp*, excels the pride of *pow'r*.

THE

THE Tulip is reckoned by the floriſts one of the moſt beautiful flowers our gardens produce; its colours ſhining in the ſun with all the glows of variegated beauty.—But this is only a ſhort-lived excellence; it is not calculated to ſtand the change of ſeaſons, neither has it any fragrance to boaſt of. Its worth conſiſting only in its hues, which fading, it is paſſed by unregarded, becauſe it has nothing intrinſic to recommend it.

But the Myrtle diſperſes a ſweet fragrance round about it: and though it produces no various coloured flowers to glitter in the ſunbeams, yet it always preſerves Nature's own hue, and flouriſhing an *Ever-green* through the year, is admired for its *conſtancy*, that renders it preferable to all thoſe gaudy tints of the Tulip which only bloom to fade, and are equally devoid of *fragrance*, as they are of *continuance*.

APPLICATION.

We are not always to truſt to *appearances*, nor to conclude on the merit of perſons, or the worth of things, from their *outward form* and ſhew: ſince there is nothing more common in the world, than for people to affect being

being what they are not; and thoſe often make the greateſt ſhew of worth, who have, in reality, the leaſt to recommend them.

Not only *pomp* and *ſplendour*, *wit* and *talents*, but even *virtue* and *religion*, are too often affected, by ſuch as are far from being poſſeſſed of either: and he who is led away by the dazzling appearance, in either of theſe caſes, prefers the Tulip to the Myrtle, and muſt expect to ſucceed accordingly.*

* This ſubject is beautifully deſcribed in the Fables of Fowers.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XLVII.

Of War.

THE God of War, who wakes to loud alarms,
Stands here before you, terrible in arms:
Mark with what fires his ſavage eye-balls glow,
Comets preſaging dire diſtreſs and woe!—
The pow'r of battles thus his force employs;
Foe to ſweet peace, and all domeſtic joys;
Hateful his mien, more hateful are the fires;
With what contending boſoms he inſpires;
Arts, ſcience, commerce, all fly far away,
And *death* and *ruin* mark his horrid way.

MORAL.

Fly far from *War*, unleſs your country calls,
To ſtand a champion for your native walls;
Strife is but evil;——let all conteſts ceaſe,
The real joys of life, are joys of *Peace*.

MARS,

MARS, according to the Heathens, was the God of War: he was generally, repreſented in complete armour, and his firſt temple is ſaid to have been in Thrace; from the model of which the plan for all the reſt were taken. His chariot was drawn by Lions, as ſymbols of his Ferocity: he was generally ſuppoſed to be preceeded by the Furies, and followed by Terror and Famine, in order to ſhew the evil conſequences of War, and its concomitants. Homer has been very diffuſe in the deſcription of this God, whom however, notwithſtanding his power, he has thought fit to repreſent as ſometimes foiled, and even wounded by a mortal,—Minerva, he has characteriſed as his particular opponent, and has always, in ſuch caſes, crowned her with ſucceſs, which indeed is no more than juſt; as Wiſdom is generally averſe to entering into warlike conteſts at all, yet, when engaged, it is likely to prevail over brutal force, and to bear off the Laurel and honours of the day.

APPLICATION.

APPLICATION.

It ſhould be the *policy*, as well as *virtue*, both of princes, and of private men, never to enter into any mortal conteſts, when there is the leaſt poſſibility of avoiding it; but having been unavoidably engaged in any thing of the kind, they ſhould adopt *wiſdom* rather than *force*, and depend not ſo much on Mars, as on Minerva. The events of war are, at beſt, always uncertain; but, next to *providence*, *prudence* alone can be expected to give any aſſurance of them. Diſputes of a private kind partake of the ſame nature; and he who thinks to carry a point againſt his adverſary by mere dint of force, will generally find himſelf diſappointed.—As in the diſpute between Ajax and Ulyſſes, he will find that Minerva will bear away the *palm* from Mars, and *Wiſdom* prevail over *ſtrength* and *military proweſs*.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XLVIII.

Of Diſſipation.

BEHOLD the man, who, as old fables tell,
By Dian's wrath, for his intruſion fell:
At noon retir'd from Phœbus' ſultry beams,
He view'd her bathing in the limpid ſtreams:
For this th' unhappy Hunter ſhe diſgrac'd,
And ſpreading antlers on his forehead plac'd;
Him, as a Stag, his own ſwift Hounds purſu'd,
Unknowing ſeiz'd, and ſhed their maſter's blood:
Yet had their Lord not rear'd the Park in vain,
Not Dian's ſelf had ſtretch'd him on the plain.

MORAL.

'Tis *Diſſipation* that th' unwiſe annoys,
And, like Actæon's Hounds, *vain pleaſure* ſtill deſtroys.

THIS

THIS is a fit Emblem of the evil effects of *extravagance* and *diſſipation*, which will ever, ſooner or later, bring the unwary to a fruitleſs repentance, when *fame*, *pleaſure*, *fortune*, and *health* itſelf are loſt; and they find they muſt at laſt fall the victims of their own folly.

ACTÆON (ſays the Fable) was a famous Hunter, who kept the fineſt hounds for his pleaſure, which he purſued at all events, through woods and at all hazards alike, over hills and dales; no place was ſo dangerous that he would not attempt to paſs, no receſs ſo ſecret that he would not venture to explore, when in purſuit of this his favorite diverſion.

One day, retiring from the heat of the Chace, he ſtrayed into a cool receſs, where moſt unexpectedly he ſurprized Dian, the Goddeſs of Hunting, with her nymphs, bathing in a clear fountain. The offended power was reſolved firſt to wreak her vengeance upon him.--She therefore changed his form in ſuch a manner, that horns grew upon his head, which reſembled that of a Stag. Now, firſt ſtruck with unuſual fears, he flies when he hears the diſtant ſhouts of the Huntſmen, and the cries of

the Hounds; at length, ſurveying his form in a limpid ſtream, he too late diſcovers his change; yet to fly, was ſtill all that was left him, his own domeſticks purſue him with his own pack of hounds; at length they overtake, and tear him in pieces, while he is in vain endeavouring to make them ſenſible that it is their Lord they are thus cruelly deſtroying.

APPLICATION.

THE *extravagance* of many has proved their ruin; nay, there have been thoſe, who, like Actæon in the fable, have been eaten up by their own Dogs, *i. e.* have ruined their fortune to ſupport them.—To all ſuch the Moral of the Emblem ſpeaks for itſelf.—— When men run into *exceſſes*, they frequently are ruined by them; while thoſe whom they formerly maintained, like the unhappy Hunter's hounds and dogs, know them no longer for their former benefactors, but are the firſt, without remorſe, to join in accompliſhing their deſtruction.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM XLIX.

The Oyſter and Pearl.

PEARLS of great price from ſmall beginnings riſe,
Which ſeems of no account in vulgar eyes;
But yet, when ripen'd by th' indulgent clime,
Nurs'd by old Ocean, firſt matur'd by Time,
And Poliſh'd by th' induſtrious artiſts hands,
Among the firſt of precious gems it ſtands;
By eaſtern beauties valued for its worth,
And chiefs renown'd throughout the ſpacious earth.

MORAL.

How hard ſoe'er your preſent ſtate you find,
Nought to th' induſtrious hand and virtuous mind
Is yet impoſſible: Heav'n ſtill may raiſe
Your low eſtate, and bleſs your latter days.

HE who views the ſelf ſame Pearl, which once was incloſed in the ſhell of a fiſh, adorning the necks of princeſſes, may well own the Emblem to be well adapted, when he conſiders, how things of little worth often change their ſituation.—A grain of ſand, ſays a certain author, (ſpeaking in the Eaſtern ſtyle) once complained of the inconſiderable ſtation it occupied in the ſcale of inanimate beings; but being often ſhifted, it owned its own ignorance and preſumption; when at laſt, after frequent changes, it became a Diamond of the fineſt water, and was deſtined to adorn the crown of one of the greateſt Monarchs in the world.

The Pearl fiſhery is carried on in the Eaſt Indies, and is generally eſteemed a very valuable one: As to the Pearls themſelves, ſome have eſteemed them to be only a dew-drop, while others aſſert, that they are in reality a ſpecies of diſtemper in, or excreſcence of, the Pearl Oyſter. Theſe are generally taken by a man who dives for them, binding a ſtone five inches thick, and a foot long, under his body; each diver carrying with him alſo a net to hold the Oyſters, one end of which is faſtened to the boat from which he deſcends, holding his breath, though ſometimes

times ſixty feet under water; and, ſurpriſing as it may ſeem, in this manner he continues to tear the Oyſters from the ſolid rock, on which they grow, and put them into his net or bag; then pulling the rope by which he has been let down, thoſe in the boat, taking the ſignal, hoiſt him up again, and the work is compleated. The Pearls thus obtained, are of various values: Tavernier mentions one for which the crown of Perſia paid one hundred thouſand pounds ſterling.

APPLICATION.

LEARN from this Emblem, that it is as highly improper, as it is impious, to complain of the diſpenſations of Heaven; and that how low ſoever you may be, if you perſevere in *Induſtry* and *Virtue* by the bleſſing of Heaven, you may ſtill be rewarded and exalted.

EMBLEM L.

Of Truth.

SEE where fair *Truth* has made her glorious ſtand,
And bears the faithful Mirror in her hand;
The good man's boaſt, and fraud's eternal foe,
The beſt of gifts Heav'n can on man beſtow;
Where *she* is found, bright Virtue ſtill reſides,
And *equal juſtice* every action guides.
In the pure heart and ſpotleſs mind ſhe reigns,
And with mild power her happy ſway maintains;
The Attribute of God himſelf confeſt,
That ſtamps his image on the human breaſt.

MORAL.

Whate'er betides through life's dark dangerous way,
If *Truth* directs, you cannot go aſtray.

OF

Of all the qualities that adorn the human mind, Truth is the moſt reſpectable. It is a rich, though a ſimple ornament; and he who is not poſſeſſed of it, let his rank and qualities be what they may, will be for ever deſpicable in the ſight of all the good and wiſe.

It is reported of Cyrus, when young, that being aſked what was the firſt thing he learned, he anſwered, it was '*to tell the truth*,' which was indeed,

Though no ſcience, fairly worth the ſeven.

When the wiſe men were commanded by the king to declare what was the ſtrongeſt power upon earth, ſuch as exceeded even that of the monarch himſelf, they were all at a loſs to anſwer; at length, one ſaid *Women*, another declared for *Wine*; but neither of theſe anſwers proving ſatisfactory, the prophet Daniel was conſulted, who, being endued with wiſdom from on high, anſwered, that *Truth* was the ſtrongeſt, and ſupported his aſſertion with ſuch weighty arguments, that nobody could controvert them; thus his underſtanding was approved by the king, and all the ſages were humbled in his preſence.

APPLICATION.

THERE is nothing can render a man more reſpectable in this world, or more acceptable to Heaven, than a ſtrict adherence to *Truth*, and an unalienable regard for ſincerity. We are naturally led to diſlike thoſe who are always intent upon deceiving us. Whereas, on the contrary, we make no ſcruple to confide in thoſe who are ſincere, becauſe we know ourſelves to be ſafe in their hands. They will be either conſtant friends, or open enemies; and even if through human frailty, they are ſometimes led into errors yet their generous acknowledgment of them makes amends, in a great degree, and is a good token of their avoiding them in future.

To conclude, *Truth is one of the Attributes of the Almighty*, who will moſt certainly puniſh ſuch as deviate from it, either in this world or in the next.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM LI.

Of Envy.

ENVY, that fiend, dire ſource of human woe,
Who draws her birth from diſmal ſhades below,
Dares to bright worth her horrid eyes to raiſe,
And on her human heart remorſeleſs preys:
Loſt to all ſhame ſhe pines with black deſpair,
At aught of good, of virtuous, or of fair,
That favour'd man enjoys; their woe and pain,
Havock and loſs, and ruin are her gain.

MORAL.

Would you be happy here, and bleſt above,
Be rich in deeds of *Charity* and *Love*;
But *Envy* ſhun, if you would taſte of *Peace*,
Or with your days your ſorrows will increaſe.

ENVY has ever been looked upon, by the wiſeſt and beſt of men, in all ages, as a principle equally hateful and contemptible. The poets placed her in the infernal regions, and drew her as a hag waſted to a ſkeleton, with gloomy eyes and ſnaky locks, preying upon a human heart, pining at the good of others, and never enjoying a gleam of comfort, but ſuch as ariſes from the misfortunes of mankind; a conſideration, ſay they, which is of itſelf ſufficient to make her hateful both to God and man.

APPLICATION.

OF all the *evil diſpoſitions* that ever inſpired the human breaſt, ſurely *Envy* is the worſt, and produces the moſt uneaſy ſenſations. The *envious man* is, in effect, the foe of all the world; he cannot therefore reaſonably expect any where to find a *Friend*. He, contrary to the reſt of mankind, is pleaſed only at his neighbour's misfortune; but this is a gloomy kind of pleaſure, in compariſon of which, the very afflictions of the virtues may be termed felicity. But what

what are the feelings of this wretch when any thing falls out to another's advantage? he is reſtleſs; he is tormented with a thouſand anxieties, and pines, unpitied, in all the miſeries of extreme deſpair. The ancient fabuliſt has well depictured the nature of his paſſion, where he has repreſented the *envious man* as being contented to *loſe one of his own eyes*, on condition that his neighbour ſhould *loſe both his*. Of all the things in nature, ſure ſuch a temper muſt be moſt deteſtable; and he who encourages it, neither deſerves, nor will gain any thing, but unhappineſs in this world, and inevitable miſery hereafter.

To avoid incurring theſe, indulge not an envious thought as to the eſtate of others, but be ever contented with your own; and you will never fail, in every ſituation of life, to meet with ſome kind of ſuccour and conſolation.

EMBLEM LII.

Of Melancholy.

LO! where the ſweet-ton'd Nightingale complains,
Her muſic echoing thro' the lonely plains;
What time the *Queen of Night* her car has driven,
With ſolemn ſtillneſs, up th' aſcent of Heaven:
Sweet bird, her notes, tho' drawn from inward woe,
In lovelieſt melody are taught to flow;
And while ſhe mourns in vain her raviſh'd young,
'The pow'r of muſic dwells upon her tongue.'

MORAL.

Tho' worn by grief, and heart-corroding care,
Yet never ſhould the Virtuous know deſpair;
Pour your due ſorrows o'er the ſilent urn,
But ſtill with *Hope*, with *Moderation* mourn;
For Heav'n with anger views immod'rate grief,
But to each heart reſign'd imparts the wiſh'd relief.

THE

THE Nightingale was ſaid to be once the daughter of Fandion, king of Athens. She was abuſed by Tereus, king of Thrace, who afterwards married her ſiſter. This tyrant afterwards deprived her of her tongue, that ſhe might not tell her griefs; but ſhe found her way to his court, and worked the ſtory in a ſampler, which ſhe preſented to her ſiſter Procne, who revenged her huſband's barbarity, by killing the ſon ſhe had by him. Philomela, after this, being purſued by him, who threatened her for being concerned in the death of his offſpring, took wing, and was changed into a Nightingale; which bird, (ſays the poet) mindful of its former ſtate, continues ever to ſing mournful notes in ſolitary places.

APPLICATION.

THIS is the fable of Philomela; the moral is ſuch as ſhews the impropriety of deſperate courſes taken in times of misfortune, grief, or affliction.—The Nightingale laments, ever laments the loſs of her young; but her lamentations are all in ſoothing ſtrains,

not in notes of terror and deſtraction: *pity* indeed is often awakened by her ſong, but *horror* never.

———She all night long
Chaunts to the liſtning woods her mournful tale;

but ſhe chaunts it in ſuch a manner, that

———Night's fair Queen
Liſtens attentive from her throne ſerene.

From this ſweet Bird let us take our leſſon; at leaſt ſo far as to moderate our complaining; for though nothing is more humane than to diſſolve in ſorrrow for the death or misfortunes of our friends or relations, yet nothing is more abſurd than to let that ſorrow degenerate into a diſguſtful gloom in our behaviour towards men, or a preſumptuous arraignment of the diſpenſations of Heaven.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM LIII.

Of Parental Affection.

HARK! loudly chaunting from the vernal ſpray,
The joyful Linnets pour the ruſtic lay!
Sweet, feather'd warblers of the vocal grove,
They ſtrain their tuneful throats to ſing of love.
Their tender brood they foſter with delight,
Supply with food, and prune their wings for flight,
Wak'd by whoſe cries they quit their peaceful home,
And far abroad to ſeek proviſions roam:
Nor ſtay in lawns, in groves, or verdant fields,
To taſte the various ſweets the ſeaſon yields;
But to their young with eager haſte repair,
And prove true Emblems of *paternal care.*

THE

THE Linnet is a bird of fine plumage, but yet more excellent note; it is juſtly eſteemed one of the ſweeteſt of the feathered warblers, and ſtyled the Engliſh Canary-bird. In the beautiful mornings of the Spring he makes the woods reſound with his note, and heightens their vernal delight and joy by his ruſtic melody.

This bird breeds about the month of Auguſt, and is particularly tender of its young. There is ſomething very remarkable in the attachment of the feathered creation to their offſpring, which they nurſe with the tendereſt care, providing them with food at all hazards, and, if they think their neſts are likely to be found out, decoying their purſuer to ſome other ſpot, and thereby ſaving what they hold dearer than their own lives. With ſuch a powerful and ſagacious inſtinct has Providence furniſhed them for the preſervation of their ſpecies.

APPLICATION.

APPLICATION.

THERE is ſcarcely any ſpecies of animals generally noticed by mankind, from whence ſomething may not be learnt. The creation is a large book written by the hand of God, wherein we may read, and ſcan his works. Scripture itſelf has bade us learn from the creatures; and ſurely this quality in the birds deſerves our attention; whilſt it is to be expected, that the *parent* who copies the Linnet in their care for their offſpring, will find the latter imitate the Stork * in *duty* and *affection*.

* See Emblem I.

EMBLEM LIV.

Of Content.

HERE, far remote from cities, courts, and care,
The *Child of Nature* breaths the balmy air;
The rural ſcene, the field and ſhady grove,
Which Dryads haunt, and which the muſes love,
Attract his wiſh, who ſeeks not to remain
In pop'lous cities, or the haunts of men.

MORAL.

The ſimple ſwain his pleaſing charge attends,
Or o'er the brook in contemplation bends.
Serene at op'ning dawn, or cloſing light,
Calm are his thoughts by day, his dreams by night;
No anxious doubts perplex his happy breaſt,
His *Conſcience* quiet, and his heart at reſt.
Content's beſt Emblem;—in all ſtates reſign'd,
He lives and dies—a pattern for mankind.

PHILOSOPHERS

PHILOSOPHERS in all ages have generally concluded a rural ſtate to be the moſt virtuous, and, conſequently, moſt happy. Poets have agreed with them, and illuſtrated their maxims, by giving us the moſt enchanting pictures of the pleaſures of a country life.

In the *Golden Age* in Saturn's reign, we are informed men lived in the greateſt ſimplicity—they frequented groves and lawns, and had all things in common among them: then fraud and treachery were unknown, and men were *happy*, becauſe they were *good*.

It is a melancholy truth, that great cities too much abound with great vices. A rural retreat is the nurſe of contemplation, where, by frequently converſing with our own hearts, we are moſt likely to gain a portion of that ſelf-knowledge, which is juſtly eſteemed the moſt valuable of all ſciences.

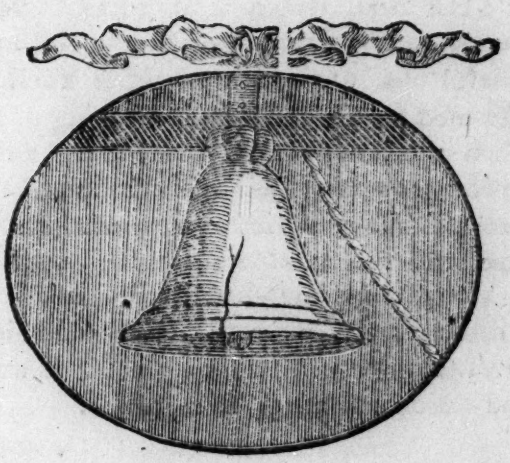
Beſides, if we compare all the beauties of *art* with thoſe of *ſimple nature*, we ſhall find the former to be but faint copies of the latter; and, when put in competition with the works of the Great Architect, there is no wonder that they ſhould ſink in the compariſon.

APPLICATION.

APPLICATION.

CONTENT, which is one of the greateſt bleſſings on earth, is, above all, to be expected in *ſweet rural retirement*. She flies from palaces and populous cities, to the ſcenes of *ſimple nature*, where ſhe abides with the ſimple ſwain, and the village maid. Here, too, the Philoſopher may beſt woo her to his arms, and, by reſorting to *Nature's haunts*, may embrace the felicity he admires.

EMBLEM



EMBLEM LV.

Of Loſt Reputation.

THE well-form'd Bell, which formerly was found
To charm the ear with its loud pealing ſound,
Thus crack'd, no more can of its muſic boaſt,
Its pow'r of melody for ever loſt:
Its notes no longer fill the ambient air
With ſounds of joy, or call to ſacred pray'r.

MORAL.

Thus *Reputation*, while preſerved, will, raiſe,
The conſtant tribute of a well-earn'd praiſe;
Her fame, like ſweeteſt muſic, far is borne,
And echoes pleas'd, the grateful notes return:
But flaw'd, or ſully'd once, here ends her ſway,
The notes ſurceaſe, the muſic dies away.

THE

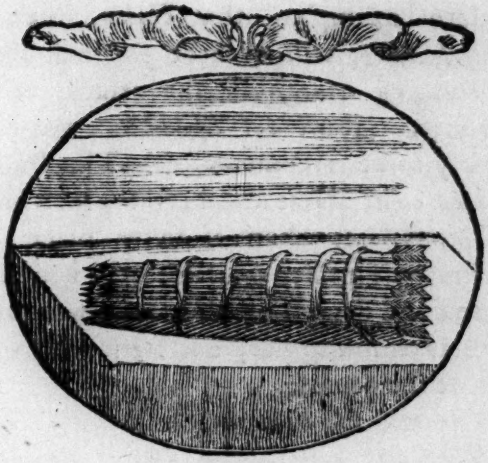
THE Bell, which ſends forth a ſolemn ſound, to invite to prayers, and a ſtill more doleful one, to ring the funeral knell, is alſo uſed for triumphs and rejoicing; and, when the joyful fires blaze, and the feſtal bowl goes round, heightens the mirth, and increaſes the pleaſures of thoſe who are diſpoſed to feſtivity.

The pealing ſound of the Bell is heard at a diſtance, and often proves an admonition to us to think of that time which we waſte, and which can never be regained.

APPLICATION.

HE that ſets lightly by his character, is generally a man little to be truſted; and he who cares not what the world ſays, will be likely to care little what he does. We ſhould not be anxious about every idle report, but it becomes us all to endeavour to preſerve our *Reputation*.

EMBLEM



EMBLEM LVI.

Of Unanimity.

UNITED thus in one well-choſen band,
And ſtrongly graſp'd by the ſupporting hand,
The ſlender ſhafts all ſtrength aſſails in vain,
Firm and unbroke ſtill they will remain;
Forſaken by that hand, diſſolv'd the Tie,
Strewn on the ground the glitt'ring fragments lie.

MORAL.

Fraternal Union thus will ſtrength impart,
Sufficient to repel all force and art:
Yet ſtill one head th' united band muſt claim,
And find protection from a parent's name:
Depriv'd of this, they loſe their ancient boaſt,
Their *Union* breaks, and all their hopes are loſt.

WE

We learn from ancient hiſtory, and from modern examples, that *Union*, the *bond of fellowſhip*, will ever be the beſt means of ſecuring us againſt the attacks of our enemies. *Fraternal Union* deſerves particularly to be recommended—The *Unity* of *Bretheren* is, above all others, the moſt happy and compleat, where it takes place; yet how many families do we ſee, in which the neareſt and deareſt relations are at variance, to their own diſgrace, and frequently to the ruin of their houſe.

The old fable is well known, *Vis unita fortior*, (ſtrength united requires more vigour) is a plain leſſon: but, in order to render their vigour more reſpectable, and to preſerve the band inviolate, it is neceſſary to have a perſon to confirm the connection; where *Brothers* are concerned, who is ſo proper as a *Parent*, who may ſettle all their little diſputes, and, with the bleſſings of Heaven, confirm their *unity* in the *Bond of Peace*.

APPLICATION.

If we take all theſe things into our conſideration, we ſhall find, that a parent who properly diſcharges his duty to his children, is the only perſon to whom they can look up for protection, and forms the only *Bond* of their *Fraternal Union*.

EMBLEM

EMBLEM LVII.

Of Obedience.

THE ſacred Tables of the Law were made,
By all of mortal race to be obey'd;
And but for theſe what were our hapleſs ſtate,
The ſport of *Fortune*, as the prey of *Fate*:
Well is it here, that in the righteous cauſe,
The pow'r of *Juſtice* can ſupport her *Laws*.
For ever honour'd be her high beheſt,
Which aweful bids all human kind be bleſt;
And let the wicked dread th' avenging hand,
That puniſhes the breach of *Virtue's Band*.

MORAL.

Who breaks her *Rules*, breaks *Union*, and will find,
The *Sword* muſt puniſh thoſe no *Laws* can *bind*.

THESE

THERE is not a greater happineſs than for a people to be governed by juſt and equitable laws; nor is there among the whole catalogue of illuſtrious characters, one that is equal to that of a wiſe and good. Ancient hiſtory has immortalized thoſe, who, by the promulgation of good laws, have contributed to the ſervice of their country. Sages have honoured, Poets have ſung them, and their memory is as a ſweet ſmelling ſavour, grateful to all the world. The name of Solon aud Lycurgus * will be had in honour, as long as the recording page of the hiſtorian ſhall continue to tranſmit the catalogue of ancient worthies to poſterity.

The harmony reſulting from a well ordered ſtate, has often been compared to the melody of fine muſic. Hence, perhaps aroſe the fable of Amphion's building the walls of Thebes, merely by playing on his harp.† He is repreſented indeed as a great muſician; but the moral ſeems to indicate that he was rather a great law-giver, who

* See the Univerſal Hiſtory.

† Amphion thus the loud creative Lyre
Strikes, and behold a ſudden Thebes aſpire.

drew

drew men from their woods and wilds, and, by his perſuaſive manner, induced them to ſubject themſelves to laws, and live in harmony and fellowſhip with each other.

APPLICATION.

SUBORDINATION is the life of ſociety, and muſt be enjoined by all good laws. Thoſe who will not obſerve it are fit only to live in deſarts, as they break that Union which is neceſſary in all communities. The idea that all men ſhould be equal, is as pernicious as it is abſurd. It tends to ſubvert all order; and where it takes place for one inſtant of time, muſt be changed in another; ſince all men are neither equally ſtrong, valiant, nor prudent. As to thoſe reſtleſs ſpirits, who pretend to deſpiſe all laws, and excite others to reſiſt the legal government, and break through the rules preſcribed by the conſtitution of their country, the Sword in the Emblem, is juſtly applicable to ſuch, as it is better they ſhould periſh, than that, by their raſhneſs, the whole community ſhould be endangered.

EMBLEM LVIII.

Of Humility.

BENEATH the friendly far extended ſhade,
The lowly Violet lifts her blooming head;
No ſwelling pride her gentle boſom knows,
Tho' rich in Spring's perfume ſhe beauteous grows:
Content ſhe views the lofty tree aſpire,
Which gives her ſhelter from the Solar Fire:
Averts the ſtorms that threaten from on high,
And all the fury of th'inclement ſky.

MORAL.

Emblem of thoſe, who in an humble ſtate,
Stand ſhelter'd from the ſtorms of adverſe Fate;
Who ſtill ſubmiſſive to ſuperior ſway,
Enjoy protection, and in Peace obey.

THERE

THERE is ſomething very ſtriking in this Emblem, which ought to be particularly attended to by young people, how are too apt to aſpire, and frequently look with an eye of diſlike on the very power that is uſed for their protection.

The Violet is one of the moſt fragrant children of the early ſpring, from which the Bee extracts the choiceſt ſweets; and her fragrance is become a proverb. She boaſts not the dyes of the Tulip, nor the variegated tints of the Carnation; yet her charms are acknowledged by all, nor is ſhe diſgraced by her Humility.

When ſhe blooms in the ſhade, ſhe is beſt protected from aſſailing tempeſts, yet ſhe loſes not any thing of her fragrance; ſhe is ſtill grateful to the ſenſe, and is ſtill admired by all thoſe who preſer real worth to the pageantry of empty ſhow.

APPLICATION.

THIS is a proper Emblem of Humility, which will ever be honourable, and of that. Submiſſion, which will ever engage the protection of thoſe whoſe place it is to afford it. Rulers, Parents, Kindred,

Friends, will alike reſpect this quality. Submiſſion is the life of ſociety; withou this, neither public nor private tranquility can be eſtabliſhed. Thus the headſtrong youth is ſeldom known to become a good member of the commonwealth. A ſubmiſſion to Rulers, Parents, and Teachers, ſhould therefore be early taught, and ſtrictly attended to by the pupil, who can never be the loſer by the progreſs he makes in *Humility*, while he finds himſelf rewarded by that protection which is always to be expected by thoſe who ſubmit to the *Rules of Subordination.*

EMBLEM

EMBLEM LIX.

Of Retirement.

ALAS! too oft the perfect, good, and fair,
Miſtaken here, prove cauſe of mortal care.
The garden Lily, proud of outward ſhow,
Her boſom white as is the fleecy ſnow;
Amongſt ſweet Flora's faireſt train is found,
And by her pow'rs with flatt'ring glories crown'd.
And yet ſhe droops, tranſplanted from the ſpot,
Where once ſhe found a humbler, happier lot.
Ah! hapleſs Flower! no pomp can give relief
To drooping health, or inward heart-felt grief.

MORAL.

Attend the Moral, ſo the ſimple ſtrain.
Nor we ſhall pen, nor you purſue in vain.

THERE is nothing for which mortals are more remarkable, than for their wiſh to change their ſituation, not being contented with that lot which Heaven has aſſigned them, in order to fulfil that circle which is juſt marked out for every created being.

The Lily, in the Emblem, is ſeen drooping in the Garden, where ſhe ſeems to be the Queen of Flowers; but however juſtly eſteemed, ſhe droops; and being plucked, ſoon fades; and, conſequently, is in a ſtate by no means to be envied.

Thus do we often find a female, who might remain happy in a peaceful *Retirement*, running a thouſand hazards for the ſake of ſhewing, and the idea of improving her accompliſhments. She has heard, that great cities are the places where people ſhine moſt—ſhe conceives, that to ſhine is to be happy—and entertaining theſe notions, there is no wonder that ſhe ſhould endeavour to put her favourite project in execution.

Thus influenced, ſhe leaves the country; ſhe quits the ſcenes of ſimple nature; flies to the capital; endeavours to ſee, and be ſeen, and to mix in all the trifling (if not criminal

criminal) pleaſures of the gay world. If ſhe has a fortune, ſhe eaſily diſſipates what, if well managed, might contribute to her happineſs, and perhaps to that of numbers of her fellow creatures. If ſhe had no ſuch dependance, her cauſe may probably be ſtill more deplorable. She is likely, in this caſe, to ſacrifice her health and reputation, to forego her claims to honour and fair name, from the idea of making herſelf more reſpected.—Her Vanity meets its reward, and ruin is the conſequence of her raſhneſs.

APPLICATION.

INDEED, we generally find, that ſplendor, noiſe, and crowds, are not favourable to Virtue. She often flouriſhes even in a ragged ſoil, beneath an apparently inclement climate, yet droops beneath the influence of too warm a ſun.

Let thoſe who are not contented with their ſtation, conſider, that Providence is the beſt judge of their welfare; and they will not become like the drooping Lily, ſeeking an ideal happineſs at the expence of their internal peace and tranquility.

EMBLEM LX.

Memorial of Virtue.

LO! where the Cypreſs with the Palm Branch crown'd,
The trueſt Emblem of our end is found.
The mournful Cypreſs and the Palm unite!
For virtue ne'er can ſink in endleſs night.

MORAL.

Thro' death's dark gates each mortal once muſt paſs,
Frail our exiſtence, for all fleſh is graſs;
Vain man's the pageant of a moment made,
Blooms but to *wither*, flouriſhes to *fade*.
But for the good all honeſt hearts ſhall mourn,
And "Palms eternal flouriſh round their urn."

AS

AS the Cypreſs was the Emblem of Funeral Rites, ſo was the Palm the token of Victory. The latter being uſed in triumphs with the Laurel, "meed of mighty conquerors."

No man is tried, no man can be ſaid to be victorious or happy, till his end. The greateſt heroes have ſullied their Virtues, and thoſe have turned to *vice* and *folly* who once were remarkable for *religion* and *virtue*; but to thoſe that perſevere to the end, the *Crown of Reward* ſhall be given.

SCRIPTURE and Philoſophy alike inform us, that Death is the Gate of Life, and that the Righteous ſhall always be had in remembrance. It is in this view that men can face death with fortitude, as Martyrs, Heroes, Patriots, braving the King of Terrors, while they are obeying the dictates of Heaven, in fulfilling their duty to God, their Friends, or their Country.

To theſe the *funeral ſhade* has nothing really dreadful. The wicked and the fooliſh indeed may be afraid to venture into the gloom of the Grave.——Thoſe who are conſcious that they have behaved ill in life, cannot be ſuppoſed ready to meet death.—

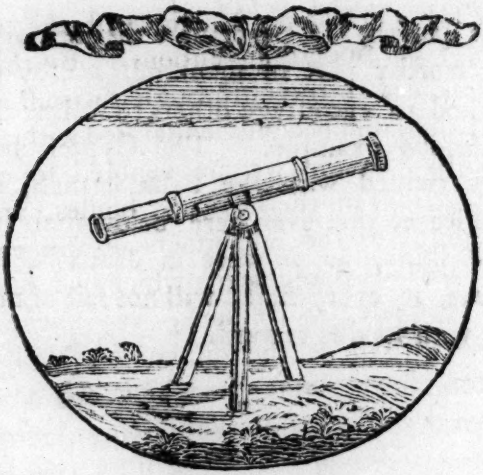
But he who can look back on many years well ſpent, confiding in Heaven's mercies, looks forward to a better ſtate hereafter, and juſtly expects his memory to become dear to the *wiſe* and *virtuous* in this ſublunary ſtate.

APPLICATION.

THE *Love of Fame*, if kept within proper bounds, is certainly as *uſeful*, as it ſeems to be an *univerſal paſſion*; and the honours which the juſt receive after death, ought by no means to be contemned. Sages, Legiſlators, and the firſt of men in all ages have had ſome reſpect to this poſthumous reward. There is a duty the ſurvivors owe to thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves, which cannot be better diſcharged than by paying a proper reſpect to their memory. As when the perſons are deceaſed, intereſt is not ſuppoſed to interfere; and that muſt be the groſſeſt of flattery indeed, which is carried beyond the grave.

Death, which at laſt ſtamps the bullion of nature with its real worth, as it precludes *envy*, can have little to fear from adulation. But it is the part of every wiſe and righteous

eous perſon, to perpetuate the memory of the worthy part of mankind, and by that method to encourage others to follow their illuſtrious example. The Cypreſs being thus twined with the Palm branch, men will learn, that even here below their light will ſhine, as it were in darkneſs, and *virtue*, in every ſtate, will not fail of meeting with its due reward.



EMBLEM LXI.

Of Detraction.

THE Teleſcope, for nobleſt ends deſign'd,
Has help'd, with Science, to adorn the mind;
Brings diſtant objects full upon the view;
Explores one world, and points out thouſands new,
Its uſe well known, with double pow'r indu'd,
T' enlarge or leſſen ev'ry object view'd;
One end with forms enlarg'd, engage our eyes,
The other ſhews them of diminiſh'd ſize.

MORAL.

Emblem of human judgment, weak and vain,
Which ſtill muſt err where Paſſion holds the reign:
Partial to ſelf, while life's dark maze we ſcan,
Small is the knowledge of mankind of man:
Whilſt other's faults at once enlarg'd are ſhewn,
The chang'd Perſpective ſcarcely marks our own.

THE

THE Teleſcope is amongſt the moſt uſeful of modern inventions. By this we are enabled to travel through the vaſt fields of Æther, and become acquainted with other worlds. By this we are enabled to make obſervations on the heavenly bodies, which are uſeful to the inhabitants of the earth. The various phœnomena which we remark in the Cœleſtial Regions, are always to be conſidered as the diſplay of Almighty power, the volume in which we are to read his works; and the Divine Architect has ſo fully diſplayed himſelf in the great edifice he has erected, and

> Has built
> So ſpacious, and his line ſtretch'd out ſo far,
> That men may know he dwells not in his own.

This amazing ſtructure may well be termed glorious. How great and glorious then is he who built it?—The Teleſcope may be reckoned as the medium through which we are acquainted with his works, and as ſuch deſerves our particular attention.

APPLICATION.

WITH regard to the Emblem itſelf, the Moral is clear enough. We are too apt to view through the magnifying glaſs the faults of others, while our own are always ſeen through the diminiſhing end of the Perſpective. Of all knowledge, ſelf-knowledge is certainly the beſt, at the ſame time that we muſt own it the hardeſt to attain. Happy is he that can gain ſuch an empire over himſelf, as to hold the rein of his paſſions, and to view his own faults in their true light, which is generally the firſt ſtep towards amendment.

EMBLEM LXII.

Of Human Grandeur.

BEHOLD how ſacred Majeſty is torn
With racking pains, with care and auguiſh worn,
While the poor Shepherd-boy the time beguiles,
With rural ſports and unaffected ſmiles.

MORAL.

'Tis not in *grandeur* peace of mind to give,
Nor are thoſe happieſt who in *ſplendor* live;
Content alone thoſe bleſſings can beſtow,
Which teach the mind with heart-felt joy to glow;
Baniſh vain care, and all her diſmal train,
And give true pleaſure, unallay'd by pain.

HAP-

HAPPINESS is not to be bought with *gold*, nor ſecured by the charms of *grandeur*. Behold here the Queen oppreſſed with grief, flies to ſolitary and melancholy ſhades, where ſhe ſits, overwhelmed with *ſorrow*, and is almoſt perſuaded to put an end to her own exiſtence.—Her ſtate divided by Factions, and her private Peace of Mind deſtroyed by *public cares*, ſhe remains a melancholy inſtance of the *troubles* that attend on *greatneſs*, and the Sacrifice thoſe make, who exchange their *tranquility* for *Crowns* and *Sceptres*, and their Peace for the *Splendor* of *Dominion*.

Not ſo the Shepherd-Boy; he, though poor, is contented; he riſes in health, and lies down in happineſs.—The ſun is now ſet; he has folded his flock, and returns home whiſtling over the plains;--Majeſty beholds his ruſtic gaiety, and ſickens at the ſight. She cannot taſte thoſe Pleaſures which dilate his breaſt, nor ſhare in his Ruſtic Joy.—The event is, that ſhe pines to death with ſorrow, while he lives happy in rural ſimplicity, and in the enjoyment of his wiſhes, becauſe all his wiſhes are moderate.

APPLICATION.

FELICITY dwells not with Princes;—ſhe is not the gueſt of the great ones of the earth. It is long ſince ſhe fled from palaces and retired to the ſcenes of ſimple nature, to dwell in rural quiet, and become the companion of the harmleſs village ſwain.

Yet not there alone does ſhe reſide: Would you trace her dwelling, you muſt follow the footſteps of *Content*, and the track will lead you to her peaceful manſion.

But forget not, that as *Content* is never to be found except in the Paths of *Virtue*, if you deviate from *Her* ways, you muſt never expect to find the Road to *Happineſs*:—you will become a Wanderer, and the hope of your Pilgrimage will be loſt.

For theſe three are as inſeparable as, fire, light, and heat; where the one is, there you will find the others; and the reward ſhall be ſuch as will far tranſcend the pains you may be at in acquiring ſuch an ineſtimable Treaſure.

In the mean time, envy not the acquiſitions of others; for that is baſe and ſelfiſh; neither ſay within yourſelf, *Such an one is happy, whilſt I am expoſed to adverſity.*

For you know not the ſecrets of mens hearts; and it may be, that the perſon whom you eſteem *happy*, is a prey to corroding *grief*, and pines in ſecret anxiety. At leaſt, know this, That the ſtate of no human being can be determined, till Death cloſes the ſcene;—and the laſt end of the *Good* only can be *Happy*. Emulate their *virtues*, and, doubtleſs, you ſhall ſhare in their *felicity*.

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EMBLEM

EMBLEM LXIII.

Of the Uſe of Time.

TRUE to the Sun the Dial ſtill abides,
And points Time's courſe minutely as it glides;
This bids us haſten to be wiſe, and ſhow
How rapid in their courſe the minutes flow;
Seize on the winged hours without delay,
Nor truſt to-morrow while you live to-day.

MORAL.

Time well employ'd is a moſt certain gain,
Earneſt of pleaſure, remedy for pain;
The chief of bleſſings on its courſe attends,
Since on its uſe Eternity depends.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD how true the Dial is to the Sun, and how exactly it marks the hours, whose course might otherwise pass unnoticed or unknown.

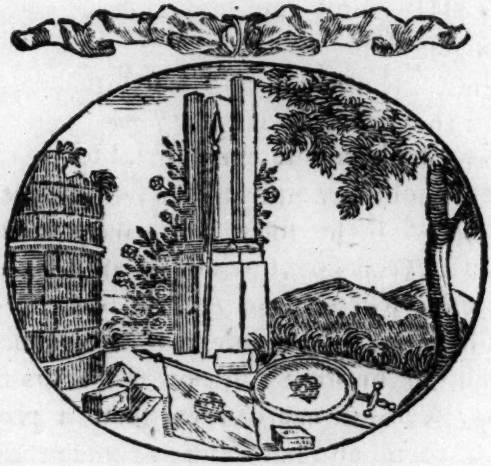
This useful invention we owe to the mathematicians of ancient days, who thus furnished men with the means of accurately distinguishing the different parts of the day, and dividing them into equal portions, whereby labour and rest, study and amusement, were better regulated, and the waste of time seen in a moment, without the trouble of tedious calculations.

The Romans (masters of the world) were at one time so ignorant of the use of Dials, that having taken one at the siege of an enemy's city, the Consul ordered it, without any alteration, to be fixed up at Rome; but as it was not calculated for the meridian of that place, it went wrong, a thing which surprised every body; till at last a mathematician told them the reason of it, and remedied the defect. Dials, and various other methods of marking the hours, were used in Rome ever afterwards.

APPLICATION.

NOTHING can be more uſeful to us than that which points out the ſwift flight of *Time*, and ſhews us how our days draw on to a concluſion, even while we are revelling in the ſummer and the pride of life.

The Dial is a kind of ſilent monitor, which, by informing us how the hours fleet away, ſeems to exort us to make a proper uſe of them, and not to waſte thoſe precious moments, which an hour will come, when we ſhall think of more worth than all the riches of the earth, and which, then, all the riches of the earth will not be ſufficient to purchaſe for us.



EMBLEM LXIV.

Of the Frailty of Sublunary Things.

THE lofty pile that rear'd its head ſo high,
Aſpiring ſtill, and pointing to the ſky,
The boaſt of ages, but their boaſt is vain;
O'rturn'd at laſt, and level'd with the plain.
So falls the pride of life; ſo worlds muſt fall,
And one long, laſt oblivion, bury all.

MORAL.

Time conquers all things; would you Time ſurvive,
Be good, and in your virtuous actions live;
For Virtue ſhall reſiſt the tyrant's ſway,
And bloom, and flouriſh in eternal day.

THUS

THUS muſt the moſt lofty, and the ſtrongeſt edifices decay; if they eſcape ſtorms, tempeſts, and earthquakes, yet muſt they yield at laſt to *Time*, and their glories be buried in the duſt.

Pyramids are juſtly reckoned the greateſt inſtance of the folly and vanity of mankind.—The uſe for which thoſe famous ones in Egypt were erected, was only for their kings to be interred in.—And it is even ſaid by ſome writers, that a monarch, who had built one of them for this purpoſe, was not after death ſuffered to be laid in this his monument, becauſe he had been a great tyrant in life; and, among other accuſations brought againſt him, was that of having cauſed a number of innocent men to loſe their lives in executing this magnificent plan;—a ſtriking inſtance of the vanity of mens deſires, who often defeat, by their vices and follies, thoſe ends they are prompted to purſue by their ambition.

TAKE a view of the ruins of Antiquity, and remember, O man! the frail ſtate of thy mortality!—Art thou rich and great; is thy name known throughout the world; and do thy lofty buildings aſpire to the clouds?

yet

yet a little while, and thou ſhalt ſink in duſt! Thy edifices and thy monuments too, muſt at length decay, and leave no traces behind them!

Where now is Babylon? Where is the ſeat of Solomon? Where is wiſe Athens? and where ancient Rome, the miſtreſs of the world? Where are thoſe mighty cities, once ſo famous upon earth?—Of ſome there is not left even a ſtone upon a ſtone, and others are remembered only in their ruins.

E'en as an inſubſtantial pageant faded

The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf!
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion,
Leave not a wreck behind.

Be aſſured then, O man, who glorieſt in thy ſtrength and might, that there is nothing ſolid but peace of mind, nothing permanent but *Virtue:* ſhe alone ſhall laſt through the ages, and grow brighter through the endleſs ſucceſſion of Eternity.

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FINIS.